BROTHERS'
BRAT
RORY IRELAND

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To anyone who thinks they could fix Rafe Cameron

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Everybody saying nature is so chill. Everything trying to kill everything else all the time. And everything must kill to live. Killing is nature.

RAFE CAMERON

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CHAPTER 1
LEILA

My breath materializes in ragged puffs before me, the cold air biting at my bare legs below the hem of my pleated skirt. These stupid, tall, knee socks that are a staple at Hillcrest University do nothing to stave off the chill, their stark contrast against my pale skin almost mocking their uselessness. My fingers are numb as they clutch the fabric of my dark blazer, the white button-down shirt beneath offering little protection from the late December wind.

"I literally hate it here," I mutter to myself because I left my coat on the back of my desk chair in my dorm room trying to get away from my brothers. A high ponytail does little to tame my hair, strands whipping around my face as if they're on Hayden and Hudson's payroll.

At this point, I wouldn't be surprised. Everyone and everything bows at their feet just like they do every other male in the Hillcrest family. It doesn't help that they're also hotshots on the ice hockey team and have sculpted abdominal muscles that even the Greek gods would be jealous of. The two possess the trifecta to ruin any girl's life. Unfortunately for me, my brothers only want to ruin mine, specifically. They don't believe in the Hillcrest curse. They call it a silly legend someone made up a long time ago. I don't see how they don't believe in it, the proof is dangling from our family tree everywhere you look in recent years. They have all the symptoms, but I won't give in. I won't be kept by the two of them because some curse makes them want me. I want them to sincerely love me, and I know that would

never be possible. The males in the family are subjected to an intense attraction to a female relative. If they don't act on it, the feelings only get stronger. If it goes on for too long, the men become so aggressive they can end up hurting or killing the object of their desire.

I haven't been able to get any answers yet, but I suspect that's what happened to my cousins, Landon and Sophia. He fought it so hard, never acting on his feelings for her, and then, about a week ago, they just disappeared without a trace. Hayden and Hudson told me Landon was taking Sophia to their father's cabin, where he lives with his daughter, Olivia. The way Hudson's lips pressed in a hard line when he told me not to ask any other questions told me all I needed to know.

Hayden and Hudson can break me in half if they want to, I'm not going to be trapped in a loveless relationship that is only driven by feelings for me that they don't want to have.

It's Christmas Eve and Hillcrest is eerily empty tonight, abandoned by students going home for the holidays, but I'm tethered here by a dread that coils in my stomach. I can't shake the sensation of being watched, the prickle at the back of my neck a constant reminder that Hayden and Hudson might emerge from the shadows at any moment.

They want me with them for Christmas at our family's cabin. We usually go two nights before Christmas and celebrate with just us and Dad, and then our extended family comes over for Christmas Eve, but I've decided I'm not going at all this year. Dad is on the twins' side, telling me that I don't understand the curse and that I'm making it worse on them. He tells me that if I would just give in, show them some sort of affection, they'd stop bullying me and love me like I could never imagine. But it wouldn't be real, and I'd have to live with knowing that my feelings for them are.

Their possessiveness chokes me, and I hate that a twisted part of me thrives on it. I run away from it, but I need it. If only there were a hint of tenderness in their eyes, a softness to their grip that would let me know there was something behind their obsession other than the curse. Instead, their hands are always too rough, their stares too penetrating.

"Looking for us?" Hayden's voice slices through the darkness, laced with a cruel edge that lets me know what he plans when they catch me. They will, they always do. Something always stops them, though. I'm not delusional enough to think that I'd be able to get away from the two of them if they didn't want me to. They want to break me down, tire me out enough

until I finally admit that I love them, that I want them as much as they think they want me.

I quicken my pace, my heart hammering against my ribcage. Hayden and Hudson also have one other predicament when it comes to their not-so-sweet little sister. They seem incapable of deciding who should lay claim on me first. In their warped brains, they think that whoever takes my virginity, I'll be bonded to more, and that isn't true. They both annoy me to an equal degree, and sex isn't going to change that. I can feel their anger tonight like it's a palpable, living thing, but it's the neediness that frightens me most—the way their eyes hunger for me, reflecting an obsession that is hard to not want to dive into headfirst.

"Aren't you getting cold?" It's Hudson's voice this time. That dry, annoyed tone he uses when he's tired of the chase.

I spin around, expecting to see them lurking in the gloom, but there's no one. It's a game to them, this chase, and I'm the unwilling participant caught in the middle. I don't know what my plan is because they're clearly not going to leave without me.

I can't help but scan the darkness again. The wet air promises snow, the first flakes likely to fall before I reach the pseudo-safety of my dorm. I wrap my arms tighter around myself, seeking a comfort that eludes me. With each step, the weight of Hayden and Hudson's grip on me seems to grow heavier, and I know it's only a matter of time before they pounce.

The wind howls as I stride across the desolate campus, my breath visible in the frigid air. The whisper of leaves against the pavement is like hushed secrets, and the skeletal branches above sway with a force that makes me feel like they might snap at any moment.

"Sweet little sister," Hayden's voice slices through the cold, sending shivers down my spine that have nothing to do with the weather. "She doesn't know how much we love her." His words are a cruel mockery, laced with the poison of deceit. He's speaking to his twin brother purely because he knows how much I hate when they talk about me to each other as if I can't hear them. As if I don't matter.

I clench my jaw because I hate that my body betrays me, responding to their proximity with an unwanted warmth, a flush of emotion that feels like a betrayal to everything I tell myself I feel about my brothers.

"The only thing the two of you love is hockey and your dicks," I yell at them, still unable to see where they're lurking, willing myself not to turn

back. My heart aches with a wish—a hopeless, futile wish—that they were different. That they could be the brothers I once thought I knew before the curse twisted their affection into this dark, relentless pursuit. We were always so close, and those brothers, they could have truly loved me.

Even if Hayden was always kind of a pain in the ass.

My brothers' laughter follows me, a sound that should be joyous but instead fills the night with dread. The game they play is clear; I am the mouse to their twin cats, always to be chased, and most importantly, never free of them. In desperation, I veer off the path, darting toward the old cemetery on campus. A glance over my shoulder reveals only darkness—and not a peep out of either of them. They've vanished; another trick, another ploy to unsettle me.

Then I hear it: their heavy footsteps stomping behind me on the cobblestone path. Panic clutches at my throat, a relentless vise as I sprint across the frostbitten lawn, my breaths coming in ragged bursts. I don't feel any pain in my legs as they pump furiously beneath me, propelling me toward the gnarled iron gates of the graveyard. The sound of my own heartbeat thunders in my ears, drowning out everything else.

"Leila, stop!" Hayden's voice cuts through the cold air, laced with that familiar possessive edge that sets my nerves on fire. "You're going to get fucking hurt in there."

"Damn it. This isn't a game!" Hudson's deeper timbre joins his twin's, echoing their shared frustration. If I weren't in survival mode right now, I'd have to laugh at his choice of words. This, like everything else, is nothing but a game to the two of them.

I don't dare respond to Hudson, knowing words will only ensnare me further into their web. These brothers of mine are like gravity to me, honestly—relentless and inescapable. But if they pull me under tonight, it won't be without the fight of our lives. I need to know when they win, when they carry me to their Jeep, and we start our journey to the cabin, that I had no other choice. When I'm tied to them, knowing they don't really love me, I'll at least have the comfort that I tried my hardest to stop this from happening.

The cemetery seems like nothing but an expanse of darkness dotted with the gray tombstones glittering in the winter moonlight. It's a place of silence, where the whispers of the departed seem to linger on the wind. The

perfect hideaway if I can lose my brothers for even just a few moments. I push harder, legs burning, chest heaving.

"Leila!" Hayden calls again, the sound of his plea sharpening the adrenaline that courses through me.

"Leave me alone!" I shout back without turning, my voice breaking with emotion that I try so hard not to show either of them. The need for escape claws at me, urging me forward.

I can't hear them anymore, but their presence feels like a shadow hanging over my shoulders. This is a dance the three of us have done too many times—me fleeing, them pursuing. A twisted game with rules I don't understand and definitely never agreed to.

I chance a glance over my shoulder, scanning the darkened path behind me. The shadows stretch long and empty; no sign of Hudson or Hayden. Relief floods me for a moment before the fear slams back into my chest. They could be anywhere, and probably closer than I think.

My foot catches the base's edge of a mausoleum, and I tumble forward, landing on my frozen knees. I know my hands and legs are going to be scraped, but I can't seem to care right now. Gasping, I stand up and press my back against the nearest monolith, a marble angel whose face is eroded by time. She looks how I feel right now, frozen and miserable.

"Where the fuck is she? She's going to freeze to death." Hudson's voice feels distant now, muffled by the thick curtain of ancient oaks lining the cemetery's border. The trees stand like stoic watchers, their branches clawing at the sky above, whipping as each gust of wind whips by. I'm not that gullible though, everything echoes in this place. He could be right on the other side of this stone.

"Leila..." Hayden's tone has shifted. Their little game isn't going as planned so he's decided to be softer, coaxing me. His voice is threaded with an intimacy that once drew me in. Not anymore.

Pressing my palms against the cold stone, I slide down until I'm crouched low, my breath condensing into misty puffs that drift lazily upward. I close my eyes and force myself to take slower, deeper breaths, trying to steady the rapid drumming of my heart.

Just stay hidden, I coach myself silently. *Wait them out.* But even as I try to calm my racing thoughts, I know none of it matters. They won't rest until they've found me, and I've made them mad enough this time that I think they're well beyond snapping.

I hug my knees to my chest, feeling the bite of the wind as it slithers through the gaps in my clothing. I am alone with the dead, yet I have never felt more alive. Every one of my senses is heightened by the thrill of the chase and the terror of being caught by the only two men who have ever had my heart.

"Come out, Leila," Hayden's voice lilts, closer now. "You know we'd never leave you here."

My phone erupts with a jarring ring, and the sound makes my stomach churn as it echoes around the graveyard. With trembling fingers, I retrieve it from my skirt's waistband, the screen illuminated with only the word “Dad” blinking ominously. I only answer because it's over now anyway. They know exactly where I am, and my body is too tired and cold to try to outrun them any longer, and maybe they'll go a little easier on me if Dad is on the phone.

"This needs to stop," Dad begins without asking how I am. He knows *exactly* how I am. Those giant tattletales probably called him. Dad's voice is stern and unyielding, which tells me that he won't be offering any comfort. He thinks I'm wrong. He thinks I'm hurting his sons, and that's all that matters to him. "The twins tell me you're avoiding them, and you're still not on the road to the cabin. It's getting late, Leila."

"I've called them a lot of things, but liars isn't one of them," I retort, my tone sharper than intended. "Call your goons off and tell them to head to the cabin without me. I promise you'll forget I'm not there. I have homework to catch up on anyway," I say because I guess I'm the liar.

"Sweetheart," he sighs, and I hate that I soften at the pet name because I can almost hear the shake of his head, "it's inevitable. You're only making it harder on yourself and on Hayden and Hudson."

"They don't love me, and you know it," I insist, the determination in my voice belying the fear that grips me. Angry, hot tears threaten to spill from my eyes, and I hate that it's come to this. I hate everything about this situation.

"Hillcrest is empty. It's not safe for you to stay there alone. You need to come home with your big brothers," he presses, and I don't miss the insinuation. Our conversation is cut short because the only people I'm not safe with on this campus have found me.

In a blur of movement, hands—too familiar yet unwelcome—grip me, yanking me up off the ground. My scream catches in my throat as I'm

hoisted against the hard plane of a chest, the scent of leather and pine overwhelming my senses.

"We got you," Hudson murmurs, his breath hot against my ear as Hayden's grip tightens. The phone is ripped from my grasp, and all I can do is hold on and close my eyes.

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CHAPTER 2
LEILA

The wind whips like a banshee, circling the gravestones with icy fingers. My scream is swallowed up, leaving a hollow echo in its wake. I thrash against Hayden's unyielding grip, my breath shallow and desperate.

"Stop screaming," Hayden laughs darkly, and I can almost feel the cruel smile, showing off his perfect teeth as he tightens his hold on my neck. "No one's going to hear you."

Hudson's eyes, green like the thickest canopy of evergreens, meet mine, and I see no mercy there. He holds my phone, speaking into it with a cool detachment that chills me more than the breeze. "She's fine, Dad. You know how dramatic Leila can be." His voice is a blade, cutting through any hope I might have had left.

I kick out at Hayden, my school shoes barely grazing him. He snarls, something primal and possessive, and his other hand clamps down harder over my mouth. My lips are trapped between his fingers, muffling the noises of my futile resistance.

"Enough," Hudson snaps at me as he ends the call, and my last lifeline flutters away as he tosses the phone into the abyss of shadows that is the Hillcrest cemetery.

"Let's give her a proper seat," Hayden says with a menacing glint, dragging me toward a headstone that feels like ice through my skirt when he sets me on it. I can almost hear the protest from the dead beneath.

"You're a really naughty girl for disobeying us, Leila," Hudson chides mockingly, standing before me with arms folded. He isn't shouting, but his words slice deeper than if he were.

"I'm not going with you," I spit out the words, tasting the rebellion even as fear coils in my belly. I'm no match for them, and that's the most frustrating part of all of this.

Hayden rolls his eyes and gestures to Hudson. "She still thinks she has a choice."

In two swift motions, Hayden pries my thighs apart and yanks down my panties, the fabric harsh against my skin. Before I can scream again, he stuffs them into my mouth, silencing me with the balled-up lace. Anger surges, burning hotter than the humiliation, and tears threaten to spill over.

"Quiet now," Hayden mocks, and then I feel it—a stinging slap across my thigh so hard it pulls a muffled cry from deep within me. I try to shove the panties out of my mouth with my tongue, but Hayden gives me a warning glare. He's letting me know if he has to put them back in my mouth, he'll make sure I choke on them.

There's a moment's pause where the wind is the only thing I can hear, and then Hudson's touch lands on the reddening mark Hayden has left. It's gentle at first, a stark contrast to his brother's brutality. But then his fingers tighten, and the pain blooms anew, a burning reminder of the power they hold over me. My body betrays me as it trembles, not just from the cold, but from the realization of how deep their obsession runs. And somewhere beneath the layers of loathing and defiance, an unwanted ache for them to touch me begins to surface. It twists in tandem with the ache I crave for tenderness that I know will never come from them.

The coldness of the headstone seeps through my skirt, chilling me to the bone, but it's nothing compared to Hayden's touch. His hands are forceful, spreading my legs with a roughness that leaves no room for protest. He kneels before me like some twisted knight paying homage to a queen he's about to dethrone.

"Look at her," Hayden taunts, his voice raw with perverse excitement as he speaks only to his twin. "See how wet she is? The scared little thing still wants us."

Hudson's gaze burns into me, and I can see the question in his eyes even as he asks it aloud. "Does fear get you off, Leila? Or is it us—how crazy we are for you?"

I want to spit venom, defend myself against their wild accusations, but my mouth is gagged by the fabric of my own panties. A whimper escapes me instead, muffled and pitiful, as Hayden invades me with one thick, unforgiving finger.

"Fuck," Hayden groans, his finger moving inside me with an intensity that borders on violence. The sensation is alien, too much and not enough all at the same time, and I'm lost in a haze of pain and unwanted pleasure.

"I'll let you pop her cherry," Hayden offers his brother, pulling his finger out of me and holding it up to the moonlight. "But I want to lick her virgin blood before you fuck her." The hunger in his voice is terrifying, but not as much as the thought that something deep inside me wants the two of them to consume me.

Before Hudson can respond to Hayden's proposition, I thrash wildly, my limbs flailing in a desperate bid for freedom. I kick at Hayden, claw at his arms, but it's like fighting against the tide that I am destined to be swept up in.

My brothers' laughter cuts through the night, dark and amused with themselves, but I can hear the annoyance, the rage they try to keep bottled up. I know if they really let themselves go, I probably wouldn't survive what they did to me all because I won't tell them what they want to hear. "What should we do to warm her up?" Hayden sneers at me while speaking to Hudson. Hayden lifts his hand to his mouth, licking his finger clean in what should be a lewd gesture, but makes my pussy tighten, craving to feel him inside me again. "You taste fucking incredible, little sister."

Hudson's strong hands grip me, taking over where Hayden left off, and suddenly I'm airborne, draped over his shoulder like a sack of flour and it's not lost on me that his palm rests on my ass, holding my skirt down like he's afraid some ghost dudes might look at what's his. That's the thing about Hayden and Hudson Hillcrest. They only share with each other. I am their property, and I'd feel sorry for anyone who tried to test that theory. Hudson's stride is steady as we leave the cemetery, my world reduced to the rhythm of his steps and the jarring slap of Hayden's hand on the back of my thigh. If I wasn't muzzled, I'd tell him, "Oh, great. I was hoping you'd be joining us." It's probably better if I'm not able to speak.

"Knock it off, Hayden. We need to hit the road before the snow starts really coming down," Hudson says, his voice eerily calm amid the chaos. "She's freezing."

"And who's fault is that? Let's swing by the rink first," Hayden suggests with a wicked grin. "I want her squirming all the way to the cabin. Don't get all soft on me, brother."

Dread pools in my stomach as I imagine what awaits me at the ice rink. My brothers' plans are always laced with torment, and this detour will be no different. The unknown chills me more than the snow flurries beginning to fall ever could.

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CHAPTER 3

HAYDEN

The frigid air of the ice rink bites at the skin on my face as we step inside, and I rip the lace panties out of our sister's mouth. The echo of Leila's protests bounce off the high ceilings and cold concrete, making my dick harder than it already was. I need to sink inside our girl, and soon. As much as I love tormenting her, I don't want to go too far and regret it. My boots crunch on the frosty ground, leaving fleeting impressions in the thin layer of snow that's blown in through the open entrance. The dim lighting casts long shadows across the rink, turning the abandoned hockey goals into hulking monsters lurking in the corners. I smirk because she has to be scared out of her mind right now, and that's what it's going to take to break her down. She wants to pretend that she doesn't want us, that she doesn't love us, and that just isn't going to work for me.

Anger whips through me out of nowhere at the thought of her denying what clearly lies between the three of us.

"Shut up," I growl, my voice a low rumble that competes with the whipping wind outside. My hand clamps over her face, feeling the warmth of her breath against my palm. "Just give in, and all this ends right now." I need this to end right now.

I need her.

Leila's eyes are wild, defiant, but there's fear there too—a delicious, intoxicating fear that I savor. It's the only real emotion she's given us recently. She puts on that fake, unaffected show to pretend like she couldn't

fathom the idea of being with us. But this is real, so fucking tangible. It's a fear only Hudson and I can draw out of her. No one else would dare touch her. She's ours to play with, to torment.

"Oh my god. I'm so over this with the two of you. Fuck you, Hayden!" she spits out, venom lacing her words even as her body shivers from more than just the cold. Leila pounds on Hudson's back, the only place she can reach, and adds, "And you too, Hudson. You're the good twin, and you know better than to act like this." The sass in her tone does nothing but get us more heated, more turned on.

I can't help the twisted smile that curls my lips at her words. I'm the bad twin, and she's going to learn to love it. This is our game, our rules, and she's just a pawn until she admits what we already know. She belongs to us. But this game is not just about control—there's something about pushing her to the edge that lights a fire within me, something very dark that only our little sister can handle.

Hudson's presence at my side is a silent force, his stature almost rivaling mine, the confidence in his stance mirroring my own. Yet, his grip on Leila is unyielding, somehow protecting her from me while simultaneously willing to participate in her torture. Leila is right about Hudson. I'm the quick-tempered hothead, and he's the cool, slow burn. When it comes to Leila, though? All bets are off.

"Look at you, so fierce," I taunt as Hudson sets her down on her feet to stand in front of him. Our sister looks so small, dwarfed between our towering frames. My fingers trail down her cheek before ripping her white button-down shirt open. The sound of fabric tearing is satisfyingly loud in the quiet arena. Her breasts spill free, exposed to the chilled air, and I can't resist—the need to touch, to claim, surges forward. I've had this planned all day, not even my brother knows what I have in store for her.

"Christmas came early," I murmur, cupping her flesh, the contact searing despite the cold.

She reacts like a cornered animal, a sharp slap catching me off guard. My head snaps to the side, stinging heat blossoming across my cheek. I hear Hudson chuckle beside me, a sound that holds both amusement and a warning that he'll stop me if I get too rough with her. She should be thankful that we're twins and that he's as levelheaded as he is. If it were just Leila and me, I'd have her on the ice with my cock deeper inside her than she could probably imagine.

My hand instinctively flies to my face, rubbing the spot where her palm connected. She's making it clear that she believes in that stupid curse. She's letting me know she'd rather let us kill her than live in a loveless relationship. The pain is fleeting, but the mark she left—it's a challenge, a battle line drawn. And I'm all too ready to cross it. Her eyes blaze with defiance, beautiful and broken. "Just give in, and all this ends." My voice is a low threat, but she knows it's also a lie. Nothing will ever end between us.

Her lips part to spit venom, but it’s Hudson's sharp intake of breath that catches my attention. His gaze locks onto something beyond me, his usual calm shattered. "When did you do this?" he asks, voice rough. He might not know the extent of my plan, but he knows me well enough to grasp which direction this night is headed.

I follow his stare to see the Christmas lights nestled by the entrance to the ice, their colors muted but insidious. "While you were on the phone telling Dad that Leila ran away from us," I say, grinning at his irritation. I swiped some extension cords from the supply closet and the setup was perfect—my little surprise to add some sparkle to our Christmas Eve.

Leila struggles against Hudson's hold, her back arching as if she thinks she can wriggle free from her fate. My eyes dip to watch her tits bounce with the movement. She is the most perfect fucking woman I've ever had the pleasure of looking at. Her fear is palpable, a delicious scent in the air that makes my heart race. I'm close enough to feel her heartbeat pounding through her chest.

"Christmas is your favorite holiday, isn't it?" I murmur, the words slithering out like a caress as I reach for her tits again, groaning as they fill my large hands. She's so soft, and she'd be warm right now if she didn't spend the evening acting like a brat. My hands are greedy as they find the peaks of her nipples, twisting and pulling until she's crying out and arching toward me. Hudson's hand comes around her throat, keeping her head tilted back against his chest while he stares down into her half-lidded eyes.

Leila whines when I deliberately pull away from her without warning. "Consider it ambiance," I say, grabbing the strand of Christmas lights that lay neglected by the entrance. The lights flicker with the movement, casting a glow that somehow makes the cold space seem more sinister.

The chill seeps through the rink, an icy caress against my skin as I weave the strand of Christmas lights around Leila's slender wrists. She

squirms, her eyes wide with something that could be fear or fury—I can't quite tell anymore.

With deliberate movements, Hudson and I wrap Leila in the glowing strands, and she puts up a fight, calling us every dirty word her pretty little mouth can muster. I'm growing impatient, and this game isn't as fun as I thought it would be when I set it all up. I'm becoming growly and annoyed. All I want is her in bed, sandwiched between us, where we can take turns having our fill of her sweet, supple body.

"Stay still," I growl, pulling the lights tighter, enough to hold but not to harm. Hudson watches me, his eyes glinting like polished ice in the dim light. He nods once, and I know he approves.

"Let's see if you've got the spirit, Leila," Hudson says, his voice mocking yet edged with something darker that I feel in my soul. "Tell us you want to spend Christmas with your loving brothers."

"I'd rather die," she spits the words, glaring at us, and rage rips through my entire body.

"Shut the fuck up," I snarl, feeling her skin cold to the touch under my fingers as I cup her chin firmly, making her look at me.

"Admit you want to spend Christmas with us," I taunt, stepping back to stand with Hudson. We watch her lying there, tangled in the pretty lights in nothing but her skirt and knee socks. Her ripped shirt and blazer are open, and her nipples are so hard, I almost fall to my knees just to take one in my mouth.

I can't let her know how much power she has over us, so instead, I stomp across the ice, grab the two sticks I left out, and toss one to Hudson before throwing the puck on the ice toward him. I see the realization in his eyes. He glares at me, slapping the puck with his stick toward me. He won't go first? Fine. I will. I swing my stick back and send the puck sailing past Leila. I watch as she closes her eyes and gasps for air.

I toss another puck to Hudson and try to get him amped up. "She'd rather die than admit she wants us? Might as well make it a memorable death."

That's all it takes to get him on board, and we're shooting pucks around her bound form. Each shot is precise, calculated—never meant to hurt, only to intimidate. The fear in her eyes is real. She has stopped thrashing, lying still in resignation or defeat—I can't tell which. A pang of guilt gnaws at me, unexpected and unwelcome. I shake it off, hardening my resolve. She

made us angry, and this is the price she's paying. We could already be at the cabin, balls deep inside her, but she chose the hard way.

"Enough," Hudson finally says, his voice cutting through the tension. "We've got to get going."

He's right. It's time to end this twisted game, at least for now. But the thrill of it, the dark pleasure of having Leila at our mercy—it's a feeling I'm not ready to let go of, not yet.

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CHAPTER 4
HAYDEN

Snowflakes dance in the chilled air and cling to the rich fabric of my coat, melting almost as quickly as they land. Hudson's strides beside me are long and confident, his boots crunching the thin layer of frost that has started to blanket the parking lot. His shoulders are bunched with tension, and I know he's feeling bad about what we just did to our sister.

"Come on, slowpoke," I call over my shoulder, Leila's unwilling hand in mine.

Leila's eyes are on the ground as her feet scuffle against the icy surface in a desperate attempt to keep up. I can almost feel her frustration bouncing off her like sparks off flint.

"Wait," she gasps out, but neither Hudson nor I heed her plea.

Then it happens. It's a slight slip of her foot, a soft yelp muffled by the snowfall, and she's going down. Instinctively, I pivot on my heel and yank her up before she can hit the ground. My arms wrap around her waist, lifting her with ease. She's light as a feather and somehow feels fragile despite how feisty she's been tonight.

"I've got you," I mutter, though she stiffens in my grasp like a deer stunned in the middle of a busy highway. "Relax."

"Relax?" Hudson snorts, unlocking our black Jeep with a beep that cuts through the quiet. "What do you expect? We made her think we were going to use her as target practice."

His words are dry, but the edges are sharp enough to slice through the thick tension between us. I hate how she recoils from my touch. Sometimes, I thrive on her fear, love it even. Now is not one of those times.

I glare at my brother, my jaw flexing as I adjust Leila in my arms and stride toward the vehicle. Her body remains rigid, a silent rebellion against the comfort I'm trying to offer. I want to shake her, to force some sense into her that all I want from her is her attention. Her affection maybe? I don't fucking know anymore what it is. I just want her.

"She'll bounce back. She always does," Hudson says, but there's no humor in his voice. It's just another barb in a long line of them, another reminder of the screwed-up dynamic we've trapped ourselves in.

I slide into the passenger seat, careful not to jostle Leila more than necessary. The chill of her body seeps into mine, and I think in this moment, it finally hits me just how rough we are on her. I need her to see how much I need this closeness with her, even if it's forced.

"We're sorry we scared you," I admit to her quietly, barely audible above the hum of the Jeep's engine coming to life. I can speak for Hudson, just like he can speak for me. I know what he's feeling right now, and by the way he side-eyes me, I know he's feeling the regret rolling off of me.

"Right," Leila replies, her tone laced with disbelief and something else. Resignation, maybe, or just fatigue from fighting with us all night.

"Believe what you want," I say, a little harsher than intended. I'm tired of this game, tired of the push and pull. But most of all, I'm just tired of her hiding from us. "You don't have to believe what we say, but deep down, you know no one will ever love you the way we do," I add, feeling the warmth slowly returning to her thighs under my palms.

"Should've listened to me about leaving sooner," Hudson grumbles, flipping switches, the dashboard lighting up like a Christmas tree, like it's going to somehow help him see the road better.

I stifle the urge to snap back. Instead, my hands take on a life of their own, sliding along Leila's thighs, seeking to ignite warmth where she's frozen because of us. My fingers are large and rough against the smooth skin of her legs, my touch deliberate, trying to will heat into her skin.

"Stop it, Hayden," Leila whispers through chattering teeth, squirming to escape my grasp. But her efforts are weak, like the rest of her is conserving energy, succumbing to my touch.

"Trying to warm you up," I say, the lie sitting heavy in my throat. It's more than that, it's this need to erase the harm, to bring her back from the edge we pushed her toward. I have an explosive temper that only Leila seems to be able to ignite, but touching her like this soothes me in a way I don't think I could express to her.

"Like you care," she hisses back, but her voice breaks, betraying the bravado she's so desperately trying to put on.

"Maybe I do, Leila," I admit, though I'm not sure if it's another lie or a truth I'm only beginning to understand. The heat finally kicks in, a soft hum joining the rhythmic patter of snowflakes hitting the windshield.

Hudson focuses on the road, his jaw set in concentration while the wipers sweep back and forth. I already know where his head is. We're both a coiled mess of frustration, and I'm not sure how much longer he's going to be able to be the good twin. "Dammit, Hayden, we could have avoided this mess," Hudson says, but his annoyance has nothing to do with the snow, and we both know it.

"Let's just get her to the cabin," I reply, barely audible, my hands still moving, creating friction, a desperate attempt to chase away the cold that feels like it's seeped into Leila's bones.

Snow clings to the window, a sloppy mess of white dust, and I feel my little sister shivering against me. I jerk her closer, my grip firm on her waist, forcing her to sit properly on my lap, and her strength must be coming back because she tries to jerk her body out of my hold.

She has no clue how close I am to snapping and ruining everything.

"Behave," I growl low in her ear, "or I'll stop trying to be nice."

Leila's eyes flash with defiance, a spark that always draws me in. "Nice?" she spits out the word like venom. "Your kind of nice is a knife in the fucking chest, Hayden."

Her words cut deep, deeper than she knows. She thinks we're obsessed with her because of the curse, that we can just turn it off, find someone else to want. But it's not that simple.

"You want me to take up playing with knives? Don't fucking tempt me." It’s always been about more than desire with Leila. It's need. It's raw and unyielding.

"Leave me alone, and the curse will go away." Her voice holds a quiver she can't quite hide.

"There's nothing you can do to change how we feel, Leila." I grab her face, my fingers pressing into her cheeks, forcing her to look at me. My heart pounds with feelings I can't control, and I hate that she doesn't see it. "You're the only one who can make this feeling go away. It's always been different between you and me and you and Hudson. You feel it, we know you do."

"You don't love me!" Leila cries out, the anger in her eyes sears me right in the heart, and I want to throttle her, to shake some fucking sense into her. I have never felt an ounce of anything for another girl.

I twist her roughly, pushing her toward Hudson, his green eyes meeting mine in silent understanding. I can see the way his lips are pressed into a thin line that he's had the same reaction to her declaration as I have. Rage.

"Since you seem to be choking on the truth and telling us lies," I say, my voice harsh, "you can choke on something else."

Hudson's hands steady the wheel as Leila struggles between us. The air is thick with tension, and she shows no sign of backing down.

The Jeep's engine hums, a low growl that fades into the background as Hudson's fingers deftly unbutton his jeans. The snow outside paints the world in winter white, but inside, there is nothing but heat and fury.

"Get down there," Hudson commands, voice rough like gravel. His hand is firm on the back of Leila's neck, pressing her face toward his exposed, throbbing dick. I see his hips lift, shoving his cock as far inside her mouth as he can manage. He must hit the back of her throat because she gags, and the choking sound makes my dick jerk with excitement.

"Bad girl," I chastise, my voice dark as I watch her resistance wilt. "Always lying about what you want." My words are barbed hooks, meant to incite her further. She won't give me her softness, her love—I want her anger.

Her body lies across my lap, and with a flick, I lift the hem of her skirt, exposing her to my gaze. "Look at you," I murmur, almost contemplative. "So wet for us."

Hudson's eyes meet mine, the green in them like the forest at dusk. "She loves it when we treat her like our plaything," I say to him loud enough to ensure she hears every word.

A hard slap echoes in the confined space, her skin blooming red beneath my palm. Her gasp mixes with the sound of my hand coming down against her sensitive skin. I part her thighs with intention, my touch branding her.

I'm mesmerized by the sight of her mouth sliding up and down my brother's cock. Hudson pulls the Jeep over, no longer able to focus on anything except our sister's sweet tongue and lips.

"Fuck, Hayden," Hudson groans as I slip two fingers roughly into the heat of her silky, tight pussy. "Her mouth… It's so fucking good."

I can feel the catch of her breath with the intrusion of my fingertips, each tremor that racks her body as I drive my fingers deeper, rougher. Her walls clench around me, and there's power in knowing I can unravel her so completely. Hudson fucks her throat roughly, his hand fisting in her hair. Every time he hits the back of her throat, her pussy tightens even further around my digits.

"Bad girls don't get to come," I remind her, my voice steel, wrapped in velvet, as I withdraw my fingers from the slick heat of her core, leaving her hollow, wanting more from us.

"Swallow it," Hudson grits out as he finds his release, his grip tightening to keep her in place. It's over in moments, but those moments stretch long and taut between us. When Hudson's finished, Leila slumps, spent and broken, her breaths jagged sobs that cut through the silence.

"Come here," I say softly, lifting her up to sit back on my lap. She's a marionette with cut strings, her head resting against my chest as her eyes flutter closed. Her exhaustion is palpable, her spirit dimmed in a way that I hate and crave all at the same time.

Wrapping my arms around her, I hold her close, feeling the steady rise and fall of her chest against mine. It's a fragile peace, her surrender, and I breathe her in like I might never get the chance again.

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CHAPTER 5
HUDSON

The snow muffles our steps as we trudge up to the cabin. "Looks like it's just Dad," I mutter, scanning the expansive driveway with only a lone black F-150 that must still be warm because the snow is melting as soon as it lands on the shiny exterior. It's Christmas Eve, so the driveway should be lined with cars. Our extended family should have been here earlier in the day, long before the flakes started to fall.

"Maybe they couldn't make it through the blizzard." Hayden's voice is flat and he might as well have used air quotes. I'm too annoyed and frustrated to argue with him about how bad the roads were or weren't.

"Or maybe they didn't want to deal with you two," Leila quips, her sass cutting through the heavy silence. She's defrosted since the car ride, her cheeks flushed from the heat or maybe it's an after-effect of how far my cock was shoved down her pretty little throat. My dick jumps at the memory. That's the thing about our sister, nothing is ever enough. I'm ready for round two.

My brother's hand closes around Leila's throat, quick and commanding. She gasps, a sound caught between surprise and something darker. My own hands betray me, moving to her, skimming over fabric until they find the soft give of her skin beneath. Her breath hitches as I cover her, a possessive caress that both calms and claims. Hayden glares at her but doesn't utter a word.

"Behave," I whisper against her ear, my fingers meticulous as I button her blazer to cover her torn blouse. "Dad doesn't need to see this… unless you want to be punished in front of him." Her muscles relax under Hayden's grip and my touch, showing us her submission without a fight. We're tiring her out, and I have mixed feelings about that, and I don't have time to explore them.

"That's what I thought," I say, pressing a kiss to her slender neck and breathing in her sweet scent deeply. God, she's intoxicating. Addicting. No matter how much of herself she gives us, it'll never be enough.

When we finally step inside the cabin, heat hits us in the face. The door thuds closed behind us, and despite the empty cabin, it's decked out for the holiday with garland and lights strewn all around the expansive wood beams.

"Cozy," Hayden remarks dryly, his voice bouncing off the wooden walls. "Dad must have had his flavor of the week decorate just for us." I don't respond, but Hayden and I are on the same train of thought. The fact that the three of us are here alone has nothing to do with the weather. This meeting was by the grand design of Royce Hillcrest, who, to be fair, told Hayden and me that if we didn't get things sorted with Leila, he would intervene.

My eyes scan the cabin, and I can hear the flickering flames from the wood stove. It roars with life, crackling and popping. Hayden ducks through the doorway that leads to the kitchen, trying to see if Dad is anywhere to be found.

"Seems like Dad's made himself comfortable," I say, keeping my tone even, but I look over at Hayden, trying to decide if we need to get back in the Jeep and head back to school. Dad's tired of our bullshit with Leila, and I don't know what he has planned, and at this point, it's a fifty-fifty shot if I'm going to like it.

Leila is keyed into what we're thinking because her sudden silence is a stark difference from what she was like back at school. Our sister's eyes dart around the room, perhaps looking for an escape route. I wouldn't be surprised if we end up having to chase her through the fucking forest in a snowstorm to round out the evening. I see her bite her bottom lip before she quickly recovers, masking her emotions.

I reach down, my fingers finding hers, intertwining with a deliberate gentleness. She looks up at me, her eyes wide and absolutely incredulous,

as if she's questioning my intentions.

All I can do is squeeze her hand, and her fingers involuntarily flex as if she wants to hold onto me too. That passes quickly, and she tries to shake my hand away. I squeeze harder, narrowing my eyes as I look down at her. I want this. I need this right now.

"Really, Hudson?" There’s a tinge of defiance in her whisper, and something about that makes me feel better about how I've treated her tonight.

I frown, squeezing her hand and then letting my thumb run over the ridges of her knuckles. "Just let me," I whisper. My touch isn't meant to be possessive, not this time. It's a plea, silently asking her for something deeper.

"Is this part of your game? Trying to get me to drop my guard?" Her voice quivers, betraying her bravado.

"Leila, you know it's not just a game," I say, my words barely audible above the crackling fire. My heart hammers against my chest, but I keep my outward composure solid. I know Hayden needs her the way I do, but I'm not sure how he'd feel about what I'm doing right now. We don't show Leila gentleness, at least not in front of each other, but right now, this is what I need from her.

"Could've fooled me," she shoots back, but there's no real fight in her voice, just resignation.

"Listen—" My throat tightens around the word, my anger at her defiance warring with the hunger that pulses through me every time I'm near her. She starts to speak again, but I cut her off. "Shh." I press my finger to her lips, silencing her protests. Every cell in my body screams for contact from her. I want to lose myself in her right now even if she doesn't believe it's genuine. The more she fights me, the more I rage, so I'm trying to keep both of us calm. The more worked up I get, the quicker Hayden will join in. "Let's just wait for Dad," I say, my voice low, hoping she hears the layers beneath the words, the need that goes beyond what she thinks this is.

"Fine," she concedes, her gaze dropping to where our hands are joined. Her fingers relax, fitting against mine like missing puzzle pieces.

"Thank you," I breathe the words, more to myself than to her. For a brief moment, the craving subsides, replaced with the comfort of my sister's touch. But it's fleeting because deep down, I know the truth. Leila may

never love me, may never love Hayden, the way we need. And that realization is a sharp cut to the heart.

"He's in the living room, and he looks fucking pissed," Hayden says gruffly, walking back into the room. I don't miss the way his eyes shoot to Leila's hand in mine. I'm not sure what I expect. Jealousy? The only thing I see in his eyes is desire, and though he's never told me as much, I know he likes watching me with our sister.

Silently, we move into the living room, and Leila tries to pull away from me when we see our father standing rigid by the window, a glass of dark liquid in his hand. He'll turn around and greet us when he's good and ready, and I can only imagine how bad he's going to chew our asses out. I frown down at my sister, the gesture tugging at something hollow inside me. My thumb traces circles on her hand, soothing both her and the beast within me that craves her in every way imaginable.

"Stop looking at me like that," I tell her, anger simmering below the surface. It's a battle to keep my tone even, to not let her see how deeply she affects me.

"Like what?" Her voice is softer now, less certain.

"Like I'm just your tormentor." The admission burns in my chest, and I suppose it's a confession of sorts. I want her in ways that can't be sated by force or fear, and unfortunately for the three of us, those are the only tactics Hayden and I know.

"Isn't that what you are?" She doesn't pull away, but her words sting like a slap.

"Sometimes…" My grip tightens before I force myself to ease up. "But not always."

"Then what are you to me, Hudson?" she asks, her gaze searching mine for a truth I'm afraid to speak aloud.

"Complicated," I breathe out, the word feeling inadequate, but it's another misfortune because it's the only word I have right now.

"Complicated doesn't even begin to cover it," she retorts, but there's a tremble in her laugh, a vulnerability she rarely shows. "Leila," I start, the name a plea and a reprimand all at once. "Even when I'm mad, I—" My words falter because this isn't how I show anger. This delicate touch is not the roughness that we're accustomed to, yet it's what I crave.

"Stop," she whispers, but there's no force behind it, no real desire for me to withdraw.

"Can't," I admit, hating myself for the confession. "I hate that I want these small comforts with you." There's a softness in my voice that feels foreign, vulnerable.

"Then why do it?" Her question is valid, and the answer should be simple, but nothing about what the three of us have going on is simple.

"Because I need to," I say, finally giving her a whole truth. "And I hate that too."

The crackling flames from the wood stove cast dancing shadows across the cabin walls, painting a scene of rustic warmth that belies the tension knotting my insides. I can almost taste the smoky aroma mingling with the aged scent of timber and leather. Hayden stands beside me, our bodies rigid as we come face to face with our father as he finally turns around.

"Evening, boys," he greets us, his voice carrying the smooth, rich timbre that speaks of authority honed through years of Hillcrest legacy. His hand cradles a snifter of brandy, the amber liquid swirling with every deliberate step he takes back and forth in front of the fire.

"Father." The word feels tight on my tongue, a barbed acknowledgment. My gaze flickers to Leila, her chest rising and falling in shallow breaths, the defiance in her eyes doesn't quite reach her posture—shoulders slightly hunched, as if bracing for impact.

His eyes, twin pools of discernment, shift from Hayden to me and then to Leila, lingering on her just long enough to make the air between us all thicken. With a sigh that seems to pull from the depths of his being, he shakes his head ever so slightly before taking a deliberate swig from his glass.

"How badly did you hurt her this time?" His tone isn't accusatory, but the undercurrent of disappointment is unmistakable. It cuts deeper than any blade could.

"Leila can be… stubborn," I say, my voice unsteady. It's a feeble attempt to deflect from the truth of what we did tonight. The cemetery. The ice rink. Pulling over so I could choke her with my cock.

"Stubbornness isn’t the issue here, Hudson. And you know it." Dad pauses, fixing me with a look that frays the edges of my composure. "The longer you fight your feelings for her, the less you'll control your emotions. Your temper… with Leila, specifically."

"The fucking curse isn't real. She buys into that bullshit because of you and the shit you say, and that’s why she won't just—" Hayden mutters,

shifting uncomfortably next to me. His fingers twitch, the same way they do when he's itching for a fight or a puck to slam into the net.

"Watch your tone, Hayden." Father's reply is terse, and he sets his jaw, a clear sign that he expects better from us.

I swallow hard, torn between the urge to defend our actions and the weight of guilt that anchors my feet to the floor. We've been rough, too rough, and it gnaws at me even as the need for Leila coils tightly against me. She doesn't like when Hayden and Dad argue, mostly because it's like throwing gas on fire with the two of them.

"We're trying. We're sorry," I mumble, barely audible over the snap and hiss of burning logs. The word feels foreign and unfamiliar.

"Apologies are a start." Father's words are clipped, but his gaze softens marginally as he turns back to the flames, watching them consume the wood.

In the silence, I feel the heat of Leila’s presence, the magnetic pull she exerts without even trying. Another sip of brandy disappears down Father's throat, and I sense the unspoken warning in the action: we are treading on thin ice, and it's cracking beneath our feet.

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CHAPTER 6
HUDSON

"Would have been here sooner, but we had to drag Leila off the ice. You know how much she loves hockey," Hayden's voice cuts through the tension, his silhouette framed against the frosted windows of the cabin. "It was a nice little game of two-on-one." He smirks at me when I start shaking my head. If anyone knows how to make a situation worse, it's Hayden Hillcrest.

Leila's laugh is sharp and so biting that it pierces the silence that follows. Her eyes, bright with defiance, meet our father's. "They tied me up in Christmas lights and shot pucks at my face," she says, the words coated with scorn.

I watch as Hayden pours himself a drink, the amber liquid catching the firelight. His glare fixes on her as he lifts the glass, the muscles in his jaw clenching. "None of them came close to hitting you," he retorts.

Father's gaze shifts between us, his disappointment tangible. "Cut it out, Hayden," he commands, a note of finality in his voice. I feel Leila's hand still clasped in mine, her pulse racing against my skin. It's a connection that burns, searing and undeniable.

He clears his throat, and I can tell he's about to fill us in on what's supposed to happen tonight. "I canceled Christmas Eve with the family," he says, his eyes darting briefly to our entwined hands before settling on the dancing flames. "The rest are celebrating elsewhere."

Hayden and I exchange a look, unspoken questions passing between us. Father continues, "I arranged this. Wanted you two… alone with her." His meaning hangs in the room, heavy as the logs crackling in the stove.

Alone. The word echoes in my mind. The cabin, once our sanctuary, now feels like an arena where our desires will most definitely clash, unchecked and dangerous.

"The two of you are going to convince her to be more agreeable, or I'm going to have to step in. I don't want to get another call about you storming around campus and dragging her around like she's your ragdoll." Father's voice pulls me back, and I nod, the action automatic, but my thoughts are a whirlwind.

What does he mean by step in, exactly?

"Good." A final nod from him, and I know the evening has taken a turn.

"Have you fucking met your daughter?" Hayden asks, clearly exasperated as he sets down his empty glass. "If we tell her to do something, she'd do the opposite even if it hurts her just to spite us."

Leila's gaze, wide and brimming with a mix of defiance and fear, meets mine, but her lips part to launch another barbed retort at Hayden. Before the words can break free, Father's stern voice slices through the tension.

"Enough," Dad says, setting his glass on the mantel with a dull clack that signals finality. "Hudson, her blazer. Open it."

She stiffens beside me, her breath hitching. "I—"

"Quiet, Leila," Father commands, his tone brooking no argument. "I'm just going to make a point."

Her protest dies in her throat as my fingers, trembling with reluctance and something darker, move to the buttons of her blazer. One by one they slip through the holes, revealing the disheveled state of her white shirt beneath—torn, strained at the seams, baring her full tits marred by our rough play. My stomach knots as I take in the red welts, the purpling bruises blooming like wicked flowers on her creamy skin. I don't know if we did that or if she did it to herself trying to get away from us.

"Fuck," Hayden mutters under his breath, shifting on his feet like he's fighting the urge to walk over here, drop to his knees, and take her nipple between his teeth. I don't blame him. I'm fighting the same feelings. Lust clouds Hayden's blue eyes, and I feel Leila's breath catch. I love the connection she has with Hayden, and in this moment, I want nothing more than to see him devour her.

"That's fucking ridiculous." Father gestures to the marks we've left on her. "If I didn't intervene tonight, how long was this going to go on?" When none of us answer, Father looks pointedly at Leila. "They'd stop if you'd just submit to them." I feel Leila stiffen at his words.

"That's not true, and you know it." Dad stares down Leila, neither of them moving a muscle. Unable to resist the pull her body has on mine, I lift my hand to her breast, feeling its weight, its warmth. Her nipple hardens against my palm, and I roll it between my fingers, harsher than I intend.

"Hudson, stop it! Dad, please. Just make them stop," Leila's voice is muffled, cheeks burning a fierce scarlet. But it isn't just shame coloring her face; there's anger too, and something else I can't quite name.

"Embarrassment doesn't suit you, girl," Father chides. "They ache for you, can't you see? To touch you, to claim you. Look me in the eye and tell me that you don't love your brothers, and I'll drive you back to campus myself tonight."

"What?" Hayden snaps, but Dad waves him off.

"You can't honestly tell me that, can you?" Dad asks Leila. To my surprise, she doesn't blurt out that she doesn't love us. She doesn't say anything at all. Instead, she juts her chin out in defiance, and I can't help but slide my hand down her flat stomach and back up to knead her breasts again. Dad looks pointedly at Hayden and then turns to me before he says, "The two of you need to resolve this, or it'll end badly. And Leila," he turns to her, "stop fighting them. Let them care for you like I know they want to."

None of us respond to Dad's warning, and his eyes focus on my fingers pulling on my sister's nipple. He clears his throat and nods toward Hayden before he instructs, "Check her. If she wants to pretend like she wants nothing to do with the two of you, let's see how true that is."

Hayden seems to descend before us like a man possessed, hands skimming up Leila's thighs as she squirms, trying to evade his touch. "Hold still," I say, voice low, gripping her more firmly as I continue to grope her breast, pinching the tender peak.

"Ah, fuck," Hayden groans, dipping between her legs, his head disappearing under the hem of her skirt. "Wet. Always so fucking wet for us." Hayden grins, gripping Leila's thighs as she tries to kick at him.

"Even when rebelling," Father observes, an edge of satisfaction tainting his voice.

Father’s silhouette looms against the flickering flames of the wood stove. "Tomorrow," Father's voice is gruff, edged with a warning that sends a shiver down my spine despite the heat from the fire. "That's your deadline. Get this sorted out, or Leila goes to someone who can handle her."

His words are a cold slap and leave no room for argument. He doesn't look back as he strides to the door, heavy boots thudding on the wooden floor. With each step, the weight of his ultimatum settles heavier on us.

"It'll be done. No one will ever touch what's ours," Hayden snaps, his eyes boring into the back of Dad's head.

"Can't just keep hurting her," Father says without turning, his hand on the doorknob. "You'll end up killing her and then you'll have to deal with me. Understand?"

"Understood," Hayden mutters, the word slicing through the tension.

The door clicks shut behind him, and the second the latch falls into place, Leila's body becomes a live wire, thrashing against our grip, fighting for freedom we both crave and fear to give.

"God damn it, Leila!" Hayden's curse is a snarl as we struggle to contain her fierce spirit. I sit down roughly and Hayden follows my lead. My hands clamp around our sister's squirming form, pinning her down onto the couch until she’s sprawled across our laps.

"Stop moving," I command, but there's no bite in my tone—only a desperate plea masquerading as authority I'm coming to realize.

Leila bucks, her breath coming in heated gasps, her skin flushed from our touch and her fight. I can feel her pulse racing under my fingers, the frantic beat syncing with the turmoil churning inside me. "Let me go! Just let me go, and you'll never have to see me again. I won't be at school to incite you. Please just let me go so he doesn't give me to one of his fucked up friends."

"Enough!" Hayden's voice cracks like a whip, and for a moment, Leila stills, clearly startled. "You've got one night to come around to the idea of being with us. There is no other option for you. You're ours and we're done fucking around," Hayden grits out, and I can hear the panic in his tone. He's trying to sound sure of himself, but he's worried, and to be honest, so am I.

There's no response from our little sister, only the sound of our ragged breathing and the crackle of the woodstove.

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CHAPTER 7
HUDSON

Heat radiates from Leila's body as we sprawl her across our laps. My hand comes down on her round, firm backside again, the sound echoing. Her breasts are pressed against my lap, and as much as I want the soft flesh filling my other hand, I settle for wrapping my fingers around her delicate neck. She's so fucking perfect.

"Stop fighting," I rasp, my voice strained with a hunger I don't think I'll ever be able to quell. Not even if she does exactly what I'm demanding. I slap her other bare cheek which causes her to jerk in our hold, grinding her tits against my hard dick.

Hayden's breath hitches beside me as his finger delves inside her pussy without warning, rough and unyielding. "Let go, Leila. Just let it happen," he growls, his command slicing through the tension like a skate blade on fresh ice.

Our sister is writhing and bucking against our hold, and part of me doesn't want her to lose her fiery spirit. Her struggles fuel our desire for her. I'm well aware that this is nothing more than a twisted dance between the three of us where every movement stokes the flames higher.

"Do you want to know who I think of when you make me come?" Leila spits the words, a death wish of sorts that we won't grant her. I feel Hayden tense up, and I glare at him, silently telling my brother to keep it together. He'd snap her in half before he let another man touch her, and she knows that. She's playing him like a fiddle.

She's not even looking at Hayden or me, but she's in tune with us to know that we're struggling to keep it together. She laughs, but there's no humor in her voice. Hayden's eyes light up, and he withdraws his finger from inside her tight hole. I grab his hand, bending all but his pointer and middle finger down, and shove them inside her roughly. "She's fucking with you. The only ones on her mind ever are us. Keep finger fucking her pussy. Make her come," I snarl, tightening my grip on her waist. I can feel the tremors running through her body, the clench of muscles that betray the fine line she's walking between defiance and release.

"Fuck you both," she spits out, her voice shaking with rage and pleasure.

"Wrong answer," I say through gritted teeth, my own arousal pulsing against her chest. I know she can feel it, how much I need her right now.

"Give in," Hayden insists, his voice a dark command that winds around her resistance, seeking to unravel it completely.

Leila's reply is only a guttural sound, half-moan, half-snarling refusal, and it resonates deep within me, echoing the way my soul feels right now.

I feel Hayden’s impatience mirroring my own, a silent understanding passing between us as we navigate this game with the only girl who can make us finally feel whole.

"Let… me… go," comes Leila's sweet gasp, the words punctuated by another desperate attempt to free herself from our grasp.

"Never," I slap her ass again, cupping my hand over the red flesh and soaking in the heat that radiates from her.

The rhythmic sound of Hayden's long fingers fucking in and out of her fades into the background as I focus on the sound Leila makes as her struggles deplete, her breaths coming out in sharp, ragged pulls.

"God, she's tight," Hayden murmurs, his voice laced with raw lust as he withdraws his fingers slowly, purposefully. He brings them to his lips, eyes locking with mine, and sucks—deep and indulgent.

I can't tear my gaze away from the sight; it feels like a string pulling taut inside me, ready to snap. "Sweetest thing I've ever tasted," he adds, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction. She lies nearly still, exhausted from fighting us.

My hand moves of its own accord, fingers spreading Leila's ass apart, baring her to our view. The air is thick with desire, the scent of her arousal mingling with the musk of our own. "Can't wait to fuck every hole on her

body," I confess, words spilling out as if Hayden hadn't had the same thought over and over since Leila started avoiding us.

Hayden grunts in agreement, the sound vibrating through the room. "She's perfect," he admits, though his tone holds a shadow of something else—a bitter acknowledgment of her disdain for us.

"Even if she hates us," I add in what he didn't say, the last three words hanging between us. My cock is throbbing and painfully hard as if to punctuate my point. It's a raw ache that demands attention, demands her.

Hayden's finger returns to its place at her entrance, sliding back inside with a slickness that shows me just how much our sister wants us inside her. Her pussy wraps around him, and then he pushes forward as far as it'll go. As if reading my mind, he pulls out of her pussy and moves to her asshole, breaching her just to the first knuckle, and by the way his eyes widen at me, I know that's as far as he's able to push inside.

Fuck me.

The sight of her, so vulnerable and so damn defiant, is an intoxication that we can't deny ourselves even if she never fully complies.

"My body would react if anyone was touching me. Let me go!" she snarls, the venom in her voice clashing with the tremble in her limbs as she thrashes beneath us, a wild thing caught in our trap. Her demand is fierce, desperate, and ultimately it doesn't matter because we know she's lying. She recoils from other men in a different way than she does from Hayden and me. She hates that she doesn't hate us, and that only spurs us on.

"What did I tell you about lying, Leila?" I grip her throat because she's testing my patience, and it was already threadbare.

"Think Dad'll find someone better for you?" Hayden's words drip sarcasm, his blue eyes glinting with dark amusement as he pulls his finger out of her and slaps her ass roughly, and then pushes her to land on the floor. "Come on, little liar. You look thirsty," Hayden says, his jaw flexing, and that's what tells me that he's in his head thinking about what she said. No one has ever touched her except for us; neither of us would allow it. We'd break bones, slit throats, whatever it took if it even seemed like someone might try to take her from us, and that includes our father. Nothing comes before Leila in our minds. But hearing the words from her mouth has him fucked up. I know how Hayden works, and if I try to calm his temper, it'll only flare it even more.

He doesn't have to tell me what he's thinking. I'm already a stride ahead of him when he wraps a hand around her throat, his eyes boring into hers as he makes our sister walk on her tiptoes toward the oak bar across the room.

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CHAPTER 8
HUDSON

The bar's cold edge presses against her skin as we force her down, her knees hitting the hardwood floor with a thud that echoes through the dimly lit room.

"Anyone Dad would pick would be better than being a ragdoll for you two," Leila spits out, defiance etched in every syllable. Her voice is a whip, lashing out to wound, but it only stirs the hunger coiling tighter within me. "Maybe he'll be older. He'll know things the two of you never could."

My grip finds her hair, a cascade of dark waves slipping through my fingers before I clench a fistful and pull. Her head snaps back, exposing the vulnerable line of her throat. The things she's saying snuffs any lingering patience I have with her. Rage flashes in Hayden's eyes, and I need to do something before Leila pushes him too far.

"You're trying to get us to hurt you so we'll leave you alone. You don't want some old fucking man, and you know it. Now shut up and open up," I command, my voice gravelly with need. My other hand brings two fingers to her lips, pushing past them, deeper, until they hit the back of her throat. The tips of my fingers are wet with her saliva, her gag reflex kicking in, making her eyes water.

"Fucking hell," Hayden curses, his hand moving to her throat, feeling our girl's throat as she gags on my fingers.

"Easy, baby," I murmur, even as a primal part of me revels in her struggle, in the tears that spill onto her flushed cheeks. "Just let go."

"You let go," she manages to choke out, the words distorted around my fingers.

"You're ours to keep," I whisper. A promise? A threat? Even I'm not sure. My pulse pounds in my ears and syncs with the rise and fall of her chest. Her breath hitches, a silent plea that tells me she's close to breaking, to succumbing.

And God, I want her to break. To shatter into a million pieces so we can put her back together again, mold her to fit between us perfectly.

"Why are you crying?" Hayden's taunting voice has Leila jerking in my arms, his gaze heavy on her face.

My fingers slide out of Leila's mouth, wet and warm. Her breaths come fast, eyes dark with defiance that lights a fire in my gut. "Open up," I command, voice low as I grip her jaw with a firmness that brooks no argument.

Hayden picks up a bottle of whiskey and tilts it back, amber liquid catching the dim light before he takes a swig. His gaze locks on Leila, the blue of his eyes nothing but ice as he leans in, lips parting, and spits the alcohol into her open mouth.

Leila gags, the sound raw and desperate. She coughs, spluttering, her body writhing to free itself from the invasive burn. "Swallow it," I growl, and Hayden's hand cups her chin, tilting her head back further when I let go of her hair. I follow his lead, filling my mouth with alcohol, and I spit the next mouthful of booze into her, forcing compliance.

"Come on, Leila," Hayden whispers when she coughs, sputtering. His voice is threaded with a darkness that mirrors my own need. "You can do better than that for your big brothers."

She fights us, but there's an inevitable surrender in the tremble of her lips. She's close, but not quite ready yet. She won't give in, won't break beneath our hands until we give her a good enough reason.

"Enough," I snarl, the beast within clawing at my restraint. Hayden echoes my impatience, his fingers digging into her skin as his hand circles her neck again. I can see a smattering of bruises beginning to form on her otherwise flawless neck, and my dick jumps.

Ours.

My eyes meet Hayden's, and it's like I'm inside his head. My mouth is moving before I realize what I'm even saying."Take us out," we demand in unison, words heavy with the need we have for her.

Initial resistance meets our order—a jerk away, a fleeting glimpse of the feisty spirit that fuels our obsession. But Leila's resolve crumbles, her fingers trembling as they reach for my belt first and then Hayden's. We don't have to guide her, she knows exactly what we want right now. One of her soft, slender hands wraps around Hayden's throbbing cock, the other finds my nearly identical one. Heat seems to envelop my entire body, and I can't help but hiss at the contact of my sister's soft hand.

"Good girl," Hayden murmurs, voice laced with a pleasure that mirrors the tight coil of anticipation building inside me. Her touch is all it took to reign him in and quell the raging storm inside him.

"Keep going," I urge, watching as Leila moves between us, her eyes half-lidded and no sign of the resistance enveloping her just moments ago. Her hands work in tandem, and she sways on her knees. I know she's exhausted, but she's giving us everything she has.

"Just like that, baby," I breathe out, lost in the sensation, in the heat of her palm against me. There's a wildness here, a reckless abandon that threatens to consume us all. I need more. More of her. I need her mouth first and then her tight pussy to swallow my dick from tip to base. "Come here," I growl, my grip firm on Leila's jaw as I guide her toward me. "Suck me." Her eyes flash open at my demanding tone so I offer a compromise. "Please."

Her lips part, hesitant at first, but then she envelops me, warmth and wetness sending a shiver up my spine. I can't help but let out a low moan, the sound torn from the depths of my chest. Fucking her throat in the Jeep was phenomenal, but the gentle unsureness she's sucking me with right now trumps anything I've ever forced on her. She's taking me because she wants to, and white, hot heat moves through my stomach and explodes in my chest at the thought.

"My turn," Hayden's voice cuts through the haze of my pleasure, his hand clamping around Leila's neck and pulling her toward him. "You already gave Hudson your sweet little throat in the Jeep."

I watch, a knot of desire tightening in my gut as she obliges, taking Hayden into her mouth while her hand remains on me, stroking with an urgency that borders on frantic. The slick sounds fill the room, punctuated by our synchronized groans. She looks so fucking beautiful with our brother's cock stretching her mouth and hitting the back of her throat just

enough to make her eyes water. Hayden is being gentle with her, and I can see he's holding back so he doesn't hurt her.

"Fuck, Leila…" I hiss as her tongue teases the tip of Hayden's dick, her fingers pumping up and down my shaft. Every fiber of my being is centered on the sensation, on the way she moves between us—eager yet defiant.

"Both," she murmurs against Hayden's skin, tugging us to stand closer together. It's a demand, something she's asking from us for the first time, one we're all too willing to comply with and stand shoulder to shoulder, looming over her like she isn't the one with all the control right now.

"So good, Leila," Hayden breathes out, his voice a mix of command and adoration as she takes the tips of both of our cocks in her mouth, her hands working in tandem. I can't tear my eyes away, can't stop the primal urge to thrust into any part of her she'll let me have.

"Good girl," I echo Hayden's earlier praise, feeling the truth of it pulse through me. She's not fighting. She's our good girl right now. "Just like that."

"Shit, you're perfect," Hayden adds, his hand gentle on her throat—not constricting, just holding, as if to anchor himself to her.

My own hand finds its way to her hair, sifting through the dark strands with a tenderness that conflicts with the intensity of what we're doing. I watch Hayden's face, etched with ecstasy, and know without a doubt that he loves her as much as I do. It's a twisted kind of love, one that will bind the three of us together forever.

"Get ready," I pant, the pressure building to a fever pitch within me. "Open up for us, Leila."

"Stick out your tongue," Hayden orders in unison with me, his voice thick with impending release.

And she does, our little sister's beautiful tongue extended for us to paint with our come. I let go, groaning her name as my climax washes over me, spilling onto her waiting taste buds. Beside me, Hayden grunts, his seed arcing toward her chest, painting the swell of her breasts, her blazer gaping open to reveal the pert peaks of flesh beneath.

"Fuck," I exhale, spent and reeling from the high. Hayden's hand still cradles Leila's neck, but I see the look in his eyes. We were meant to break her, but her eager willingness just now may have broken us in ways we'll never recover from. We know what it feels like now to be wanted and

needed by Leila Hillcrest, and we can never go back to the way it was before.

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CHAPTER 9
HUDSON

Our entire world seems to slow down, the rush of my release ebbs away, and I'm suddenly hyper-aware of Leila and how small and spent she seems in my arms as I gently pull her up. Her breaths come out in soft puffs against the hard lines of my chest under my shirt. I can't help but think about how delicate she seems now, a stark contrast to the wildfire she has been for Hayden and me.

"Baby?" My voice is a low murmur, and I don't even care if Hayden hears me use the term of endearment. It feels natural, it feels like what I should always be calling her. Leila doesn't respond, just burrows closer, seeking warmth in her exhaustion.

"Shit, she's completely out," Hayden's voice cuts through my thoughts, laced with concern that matches the tightness constricting my chest. He rests his hand on her cheek, brushing the backs of his fingers against her soft skin. "She really wanted us. I could see it in her eyes," he tells me, his fingers moving down to her exposed breasts and rubbing his come into her skin. When he pulls on her nipples, he does so gently, and she moans sleepily into my chest. "Don't worry, pretty girl. We're not done with you yet." My brother catches me completely by surprise. "Rest now," he adds, his blue eyes searching her face for any sign of discomfort, and I can tell he's ready to soothe it away if he finds it.

"I'm taking her upstairs," I grunt, already moving toward the wooden slat staircase that leads to the master bedroom, feeling every beat of Leila's

heart against my own. Hayden nods, shadowing my steps as we navigate the familiar path.

The weight of her body, featherlight in my arms, is the only thing anchoring me to this moment. Leila's breaths come out in soft sighs, her chest rising and falling with a rhythm that lulls even my racing thoughts. Her head rests against my shoulder, a lock of hair tickling my skin.

"Almost there," I murmur, more to myself than her. Each step up the stairs feels like wading through molasses. It feels like the end of a war, and really, it kind of is. We haven't made peace with our sister yet, but I saw that look in her eyes when she was on her knees in front of us. She's ready, and we need to make things right with her now. The cabin's master bathroom door groans open under my push, and I'm grateful for the solitude it promises.

"I'll fill the tub," Hayden's voice, just a whisper behind me, carries an edge of concern I rarely hear from him.

I nod, easing Leila down onto the cool marble counter. My fingers tremble as they brush against her skin, sliding over the fabric of her blazer and skirt. It's not like me to hesitate, yet I do now, peeling away each layer with deliberate care, not wanting to jolt her awake.

"Should be warm enough." Hayden tests the water with a dip of his hand, adjusting the faucet ever so slightly. Leila's eyes flutter, half-dreaming, and I can't help but wonder what she sees behind those heavy lids.

"Hey," I coax gently, easing the last of her remaining clothes off of her body. She doesn't resist, doesn't stir beyond a sleepy mumble. It's foreign, this tenderness between us, and it scares me more than any confrontation we've had. We've never seen her fully naked with not a stitch of clothing covering some part of her. Hayden's eyes meet mine, and I know the significance is not lost on him.

"We weren't that rough downstairs, why is she passed out like that? She didn't have that much to drink." Hayden's hovering at the doorway, his broad frame casting shadows across the tiled floor. I can't help but smirk at him because for as much as he runs his mouth, he really does care about Leila more than he'd probably like her or me to know.

"She was out in the cold in barely anything while we had a fucking 5k marathon chasing her," I answer, snorting. It's not funny, it's just that I don't think he realizes that she's not a 6'5" hockey player sometimes.

"Get her in," Hayden says, his voice low, and I don't miss the roll of his eyes.

With hands that have hurt her more than I care to think about right now, I lift her again, cradling her close as I lower her into the bath. The water embraces her, and a small moan escapes her lips, lost somewhere between pleasure and exhaustion.

"Feel good, baby?" I ask, my voice barely above the sound of rippling water.

"Mhm," she hums, and her sweet, submissive voice sends a shiver down my spine.

"Keep your head up, Leila," Hayden instructs softly, stepping closer. For once, there's no roughness in his touch, only a protectiveness that surprises me.

"Keep your head up…" Leila smiles, eyes still closed, and softly giggles, her words trailing off as her consciousness wavers. Her lashes cast a delicate shadow on her cheeks.

"Sound asleep and still giving me shit," Hayden complains, and I have to stifle a laugh that would wake her up. He's not wrong, and I think even now that she's let herself be with us, admitted on some level that we're the ones for her, she'll always take an opportunity to fight with Hayden, even if it's playfully.

"Clip her hair up. I don't want it getting soaked," I tell my brother, watching Leila's chest rise and fall with shallow breaths. Her body is limp, and I'm holding her up in the tub with one arm. Anticipation coils inside me because I know what the rest of the night will bring. We're going to finally claim her, and she's going to claim us right back.

I lay her back against the edge of the tub as Hayden gathers her dark tresses gently, deftly securing them. His fingers brush her scalp with care, and her eyes flutter open to look up at him. I can see that she's wondering if it's really him. The rough hands that have pulled those same strands with fervor are now soft, considerate.

"Feels different, doesn't it?" I whisper, more to myself than to her. But she stirs slightly, lips parting as if to respond, eyelids fluttering closed and then in a vain attempt to open again.

"I like this…" she says, the words a featherlight sigh escaping her lips.

"Me too," Hayden agrees, his voice barely audible over the sound of water lapping against porcelain.

I dip a cloth into the warm water, watching it soak before I run it across our sister's skin, tracing the lines where we left our marks. The sight sends a ripple of possessiveness through me, an acknowledgment of the bond we have with her.

"Look at these marks," I say softly, allowing the rag to linger on the bruises blooming like shadows against her pale skin.

"I can't help but like them," Hayden confesses, his hands massaging her shoulders with a gentle touch for someone with such large, rough hands. "Makes me feel like she's ours."

"Fuck, Hayden…" My groan is involuntary as I reach higher, my fingers circling her nipples, coaxing a moan from her that vibrates through the room. The sound shatters any pretense of detachment I might have had.

"Beautiful," I breathe out, the word hanging heavy between us.

Her eyes, those deep wells of resistance and surrender, flutter open, meeting mine then sliding to Hayden's. There's something in that hazy gaze that hooks right into my chest—a glint of raw, unguarded emotion.

The steam dances above the water, swirling in the dim light. "I've always been yours," she murmurs, her voice a feather drifting on a breeze. "The way you looked at me tonight, I realized it then."

Her eyelids flutter again, like a delicate tremor. I pause, the cloth in my hand suspended midair. She looks so fragile in her exhaustion. The vulnerability she's giving us right now pierces through my chest, and it's more than I could have ever asked from her.

"I had to guard my heart from the two of you." Her eyes, half-mast, meet mine before shifting to Hayden's. "Because you're the only ones who could shatter it."

"Fuck, Leila," Hayden whispers, his voice a mix of awe and something darker. His blue eyes, usually so stormy with need, soften at her confession.

"Sleep, baby," I tell her, my own voice strained with a bunch of emotions I couldn't name if I tried. Leila's lids fall, sealing shut again, surrendering to the pull of dreams. The lines of her face relax, and she slips further away from consciousness. She's drifting, retreating into a world where we can't follow, and that makes me want to wake her back up.

"Go get the bed ready," I instruct Hayden before I can do something stupid. There's an edge of urgency to my command, and I know he senses it because he nods once, silent as he rises, leaving me alone in the bathroom with our sister.

Gently, I lift her from the bath, the water cascading off her. Wrapping her in a towel, I cradle her against me. Her head rests against my chest, and I dip my head, brushing my lips against her mouth.

I hold her close, carrying her through the threshold of the bathroom, each step a reluctant march toward the bed.

"Sweet dreams, Leila. It's going to be a long night."

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CHAPTER 10

HAYDEN

The room is dim, the only light a sliver from the moon slicing through the blinds, casting a silver glow over Leila's naked form. Her chest rises and falls with each breath, a canvas of creamy skin stretched out between Hudson and me.

"Look at her," Hudson whispers, his voice a low rumble that vibrates through the sheets. He eases Leila's legs apart, his fingers a ghostly touch as they trace up her inner thigh. "I want to watch you touch her, Hayden."

The weight of my brother's gaze is heavy on me. It isn't just lust in his eyes—it's possession, a dark thrill. My hands are large, my fingers calloused from gripping hockey sticks over the years, yet when I reach for Leila, I'm all gentleness. The warmth of her skin seeps into my palms as I cup her breasts, thumbs brushing over nipples that respond to my touch.

"Fuck, I love watching your hands on her," Hudson admits, his green eyes locked on my hands covering her tits. He chuckles darkly, and I look at him questioningly. "If anyone else tried this in front of me, I'd fucking kill them."

It's more than a confession; it's a shared secret, a bond between brothers that goes beyond blood. I understand the violence in his tone, the ownership. We're two halves of a whole, and our sister has become the center of it.

"Same," I agree, my voice gravelly with need for the girl lying in front of me. I could do anything I wanted to her right now, but my urge to hurt

her, to break her, is all but forgotten.

Leila stirs, a soft sigh escaping her lips, but her eyes remain closed, her consciousness seemingly hovering in that space between sleep and waking. I can feel her, the heat radiating off her body, the rise and fall of her chest against my touch.

"God, she's perfect," I tell my brother. My thumb rolls over a stiff nipple, eliciting another sleepy moan from Leila. She's unaware of the storm she's aroused in us, the dark hunger she feeds with every unconscious whimper.

Hudson leans in closer, and I feel the shift of the mattress. His breath fans across my arm, hot and quickened. "Let's make her feel good together," he says, and there's no question, no hesitation.

We move in tandem, Hudson lifting Leila's hips while I slide down her body. Our tongues and lips descend on her wet pussy and work in unison. Her body jerks, but she doesn't wake up, and that adds to our pleasure. Hudson pulls her clit between his lips just as my tongue dips inside her tight hole.

A low growl rumbles in my throat as I watch Hudson's fingers dance along Leila's skin, his touch featherlight. My hands are anything but gentle, gripping the soft flesh of her breasts.

"Touch her, Hayden," Hudson whispers, green eyes dark with lust as he pulls away from her pussy. "Just like that."

The command ignites something primal within me. I grope her, savoring the weight of her in my palms, the way her nipples harden against my roughened skin.

"Fuck," I grunt, rolling the hardened peaks between my fingers. "I wanna see you lick her pussy, Hudson."

He smirks, the corners of his mouth twitching with wicked intent. Hudson slides down Leila's body before settling between her thighs; he parts her with the reverence of a man worshiping at an altar. His tongue delves into her, slow and deliberate, while his finger breaches her tightness, coaxing out a chorus of whimpers from her lips.

"God, yes," I murmur, my gaze locked on Hudson's mouth claiming her.

"Look at her," Hudson moans against her flesh, his words vibrating through her body. "She's so fucking responsive."

"You're fucking perfect, Leila," I growl softly, appreciating the sight of her lying there, just for us. "Your big brother's eating you out because you

were such a good girl," I tell her, knowing she's somewhere between sleep and pleasure. My voice is a low rumble in the otherwise quiet room. With deliberate movements, I sit up, my muscles tensing as I lean over her body. My hand finds Hudson's head, and I push him gently but firmly away from her glistening pussy. "My turn."

Hudson's eyes glint with a mixture of lust and understanding as he starts to pull back. Before I can make a conscious decision, I'm already on my knees, the heat from Leila's core flooding my tongue as I lap at her sweetness.

"Fuck, Hayden…" Hudson's voice is a low growl, full of that primal need that echoes in my own veins. "We were always meant to own her together."

My response is a grunt, muffled against the slick folds I'm devouring. The rich scent of her arousal fills my senses, heightening every nerve ending until I'm vibrating with desire. "God, yes. Come for me, little sister," I murmur into her skin, my breath hitching as her legs tremble.

"Is she close?" Hudson's question vibrates through the air, laced with anticipation.

"So close," I confirm without breaking my rhythm, my tongue swirling patterns designed to unravel her completely.

Leila's thighs quiver and I double my efforts, determined to draw out every shuddering gasp, every whispered plea.

"Good girl," I whisper into her heat, my words more for myself than her. "Let go for us, Leila. Show us how much you need it."

Her body arches, a silent scream etched in the tension of her form, and I know—I've brought her to the brink. As I pull away, I look at Hudson and his hand is on his thick cock, his eyes on her opening. He can't wait much longer, and I don't want him to. I want to watch my brother stretch her little pussy open. I want to see how she takes his cock for the first time. I move from between her legs, but wrap my hand around her thigh in order to keep her spread open for him. Hudson follows my lead, and his hand trembles as he positions himself against Leila's slick entrance.

"Go on," I coax, my voice a low growl against the side of her breast. I kiss her skin gently, my eyes never leaving my brother's cock. "She's ready, it'll be less pain for her this way."

Hudson's breath catches, and then he's moving, a decisive thrust that buries him inside her to the hilt. Her body jerks, and I see her pussy clench

around him, a vise of velvet heat that quakes with the remaining tremors of her climax.

"Fuck," Hudson groans, the word torn from deep within his chest. His eyes lock with mine, green infernos blazing. "I felt it… the resistance… then nothing but tightness." He's buried to the hilt inside her, so I can't see for sure, but I know her blood is coating his cock right now, and that makes my dick jump with anticipation.

Leila's whimpers fill the room, delicate sounds of discomfort. She stirs beneath us, her consciousness clawing back as the pain registers. Her hips buck slightly, a reaction to the invasion, to the possession Hudson has over her. Hudson growls at the movement, and I know it wouldn't take much to make him snap, to make him hold her down on this mattress and fuck her until she's filled with his come.

"Leila…" My whisper is a caress, a balm to soothe the sting of his dick ripping her open. "Just breathe. We're here. We're not going anywhere."

"Good girl, Leila," Hudson grits out. "You're taking me so well." His words are meant to comfort, to praise her resilience, even as she lies beneath us, caught between pleasure and pain.

Her body trembles, a quiver that signals both surrender and fight. Hudson's grip on her hips tightens, his knuckles white with restraint. The bed creaks as he shifts, trying to press even further inside her even though it's not possible. I've never seen this look on my brother's face before, and I suspect I never will again unless Leila's sweet body is involved.

"Fuck…" Hudson curses as he begins to pull back, the drag of his length from her warmth a torment all its own, I'm sure. His cock, still half inside her, glistens, wet with her blood, and the sight is mesmerizing. "She's… choking me."

"Let me," I say, leaning in close. My breath skates across her swollen clit, a promise of relief. My tongue flicks out, tasting her, and her body jerks in response. The scent of her arousal mingles with the metallic tang of blood.

"Look at you," I whisper against her skin, licking her clit more roughly because I can't control myself. I want to watch her writhe in pleasure. "So brave for us."

A dark chuckle escapes Hudson as he watches, his movements halting, leaving just the tip inside her. "Damn, Hayden… She's…"

"Perfect," I finish for him, glancing up to lock eyes with my twin. His gaze burns with a feral intensity, reflecting my own hunger. I finally pull myself together, and I nudge Hudson aside, hungry to taste her fully. His groan is one of protest and desire, a sound that tells me he understands but doesn't want to leave her warmth.

"My turn," I say, my voice low. "You get to make her bleed, and I… I get to savor it."

"Shit, Hayden…" Hudson moves back, his hand wrapped around his girth, strokes mimicking what he'd like to be doing to Leila right now. I bend closer, letting my tongue skate over her pussy.

"Leila," I breathe her name like a benediction, my mouth worshiping her. She's everything I expected and even more. The taste of her—salt and copper and sweetness—fills my senses. I feast on her. My hands are firm on her hips as if she might float away if not for me holding her down.

"Leila," I murmur against her slickness, "you're doing so good for us." Her breath hitches above me, the sound shooting straight to my throbbing dick as she comes undone all over my lips and tongue. Her whole body tremors, and as much as I'm savoring this, I need to be inside her soon. I need to paint the inside of her pussy with jet after jet of my hot come. I know after tonight, I'll never want to finish anywhere else.

Hudson's gaze burns into us, his hand working himself with a desperate pace that matches the rhythm of my tongue. "Hayden…" he pants, his voice strained with his own need, but his eyes never leave where my mouth devours our little sister.

"Give me one more," I coax, glancing up to meet Leila's half-lidded eyes, heavy with awakening desire. "And then Hudson will fuck you back to sleep."

She whimpers, arching into my mouth as I suckle at her tender flesh, determined to draw out every drop of pleasure from her. My words, half-growl, half-plea, vibrate against her core.

"Please, Hayden," she gasps, and I can feel her body winding tight, coiling like a spring.

"Come on, Leila," I encourage, my voice thick with lust. "Come all over my mouth. Drown me."

Her response is a sweet cry, her fingers tangling in my hair as she succumbs to the tidal wave of ecstasy only her brothers can provide her. I hold her through it, my tongue relentless, drinking down her release like a

man starved. Hudson curses softly beside us, his strokes stuttering as he watches Leila unravel under my ministrations.

"Fuck," I breathe out, feeling her flutter against my lips. "That's it, Leila. That's it."

Her cries crescendo before falling into soft moans, and I slowly ease back, my own pulse racing with need. Hudson and my heavy breathing fills the room as we both take a moment, relishing in the aftermath of what Leila just gave us.

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CHAPTER 11
HAYDEN

"Tell me," my voice scrapes out, thick with lust, "how do you want her?" Hudson's groan is an animalistic sound that fills the room with urgency.

My brother's lips find Leila's again in a searing kiss, one that holds promises that tonight, everything changes. We'll never go back to the way we were. I can't help but press closer, my patience fraying at the edges.

"If you don't move now, I'll take your place, and we both know I'm not capable of being as gentle as she needs right now." The threat is as real as the throbbing need coursing through my cock.

Leila's eyelids flutter, her gaze dazed with desire. Her fingers skim down Hudson's sculpted chest, tracing the ridges of muscles honed by years on the ice, then travel to my arm, igniting sparks where her touch grazes my skin.

"Are you ready for us?" Hudson's question hangs in the air, a dangerous temptation wrapped in velvet.

"Please," her voice barely above a whisper, but it crashes into me like a tidal wave.

Laying down beside her, I watch Hudson flip her over with a gentle command. She lies there, exposed, vulnerable, so innocent that it claws at my restraint. Her smile, sleepy and content, is directed at me, and something fierce grips my chest.

"Do you want to taste how sweet you are?" I murmur, not waiting for her response because I'm desperate to kiss her.

I capture her mouth, my tongue tangling with hers, offering her the sweetness of her own arousal. Her cry vibrates against my lips, a sound so pure and raw it carves into my soul.

My gaze drifts downward just as Hudson positions himself behind her; his big hand looks even more massive as he presses down on the small of her back. With a powerful thrust, he sinks into her, stretching, filling, and claiming our sister. Her body bows beneath him, a beautiful arch of surrender that makes my heart hammer against my ribs.

"You're taking him like such a good girl, Leila," I murmur, my voice low and rough with desire. My fingers brush a stray lock of hair from her flushed face, tucking it behind her ear. The clip I'd placed there earlier lies discarded on the rumpled sheets. Confusion flickers in her eyes, probably because, for the longest time, I haven't touched her in a gentle or loving way.

I can't ignore the pang of guilt that clenches at me, knowing that for too long my touch brought her fear, not pleasure. But tonight, I'm rewriting our history, one caress at a time. My hand finds the delicate column of her throat, encircling it gently with a promise, not a threat. Below my palm, I feel the rhythm of Hudson's movements, each thrust echoing through her body.

"Ah, fuck… she's so tight," Hudson groans, his voice tight with barely contained ecstasy. "If I hadn't already come twice tonight, I wouldn't be able to last."

"Do you want more?" I whisper against her lips, my own voice strained with need. "Do you want your brother deeper inside you?"

Reaching under her, I lift her hips, positioning her onto her hands and knees. This new angle grants Hudson deeper access, and he takes full advantage, his growls vibrating through the room as he grips her hips, and I can't wait to kiss the bruises that will be there in the morning.

"God, Leila, you feel fucking amazing…" Hudson's praise is fervent, his fingers digging into her flesh as if to brand her.

"Fill our sister up with your come," I command in a voice thick with lust. "I want to fuck her with your come dripping out of her."

The rawness of my words pushes Hudson over the edge, his body tensing as he leans over Leila's back. He drives into her with a ferocity that

borders on desperation, his groans are primal as his orgasm shakes his body. "We're going to breed you with our come, baby," he promises, each word punctuated by a deep, relentless thrust. Hudson's hand reaches for the back of her head, pressing her body down into the mattress and pressing his hips against her ass.

With a shudder that ripples through all three of us, Hudson collapses atop her and heat shimmers off of his back, his breaths ragged as they escape in a punctuated rhythm. I'm inches away, but the distance is too vast —their tangled bodies a universe of their own creation. I see it, though, the slight buckle in Leila's chest; she’s gasping beneath him, her body whispering for reprieve.

"Off," I command, my voice a low growl that sounds more animal than human even to my own ears. It scrapes out of me, clawing into the thick air of the room. With rough hands, I pry at Hudson's shoulder, rolling him over on his side. He falls onto his back, sprawling with limbs heavy as lead. His chest heaves, drawing in the oxygen that seems scarce in our shared atmosphere.

"Leila…" Hudson's voice is a hoarse whisper, his hand reaching out, trembling slightly, until his palm cradles the side of her flushed face. "We've needed you for so fucking long." His green eyes lock onto hers, and her lips part like she wants to respond, but he's speaking again."You're perfect," he admits, each syllable showing our reverence.

I should be content to watch, to bask in the aftermath of their union, but a relentless fire burns through my veins. My body is a live wire, and every muscle coiled, ready to strike. Desire, sharp and insistent, commands my movements. I can't wait any longer.

My gaze lingers on the gentle rise and fall of Leila's chest and then moves to the sight of Hudson's hand, so massive against the porcelain skin of her cheek, and it stirs something primal within me. It's a possessive surge that courses through my veins, demanding to own her the same way he does.

"Leila," I murmur, my voice barely above a growl as I guide her onto her back with hands that tremble with urgency. There's a beat and then her lashes lift, revealing eyes that hold the remnants of what she just shared with our brother. "I want you on your back for me."

"Spread her legs for me," I command, my attention snapping to Hudson. He understands the urgency threading my words, he always does. With a

nod, he shifts, propping himself up on one elbow.

Hudson's fingers trace paths of ownership along Leila's thighs, a silent understanding passing between us as he parts them, revealing her freshly fucked pussy. My breath catches, heat pooling low in my belly as I look at her pink pussy, marked and dripping with Hudson's come.

Hudson's low chuckle vibrates through the quiet room. "Did you ever think we'd make it here?" he muses, his gaze lingering on Leila's flushed face. "She's even better than I could have imagined."

"No," I answer him, and then, "she's stunning," I reply, my voice thick with admiration and a possessive edge that doesn't escape me. It's true. I always wanted this, but I was so caught up in the anger of Leila rejecting us, that I never thought we'd actually make it. Her cheeks, burning with a rosy hue, seem to deepen at our words. The sight sends a surge of protectiveness through me. God, I live for this blush. I'll chase it, keep it alive for as long as I'm on this fucking planet.

I inch closer, my hardness pressing against the slick warmth of her pussy, reveling in the way Hudson's come drips down her inner thighs. My fingers glide over her clit as she stretches around me. Her eyes, half-lidded and dreamy, roll back in pleasure and then rake from my face, down my chest and abs. I sink all the way inside her, flexing my hips and abs, really giving her something to look at. I realize in this moment that I much prefer the lust in her eyes to the fear I'm used to.

"Look at you," I breathe out. "Taking your big brother's cock."

"Does Hayden feel good, Leila? Fucking your tight cunt?" Hudson's voice is soft, coaxing. He knows just how to draw out her responses, how to stoke the fire within her. "Tell him how good he's making you feel."

"Y-yes," she whispers, her voice a silken thread weaving around us. "So good." I like that she can barely get her words out.

"Touch her for me," I say to Hudson. "Make her nipples hard for me." There's an urgency in my command, an insatiable craving to see every part of her body respond to our touch.

Without hesitation, Hudson shifts, his presence a warm weight beside her. He takes one of her breasts in hand before his mouth descends, and the sound of his lips latching onto her, drawing her nipple into the heat of his mouth, fills my ears, making my cock jerk inside her.

"Ah, just like that," I encourage, watching intently as I grip her thighs and bottom out inside of her. The tightness of her wet heat pulls a gasp from

my lungs.

Leila arches, a soft moan escaping her parted lips, and the primal satisfaction swells inside me. This is where we belong, and I never want to be anywhere but inside Leila.

"God, she's perfect," Hudson murmurs against her skin, his breath sending shivers across her flesh. I feel the chills forming on her skin under my fingertips.

"Just for us," I add, my hips beginning to move in a slow rhythm, each thrust pushing me deeper into the heated velvet of her. Her body sings under our ministrations, and I feel the coil of tension winding low in my stomach. I need to come again, and I want to be inside her when it happens.

"Oh my God," she cries out, but her voice is barely above a whisper when my fingers begin rubbing circles across her clit again. I want to feel her pussy spasm around my cock, and Leila is going to give me exactly what I want.

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CHAPTER 12

HAYDEN

I hover over my sister, feeling the quiver of her body beneath mine—her breath quick, skin flushed in the dim light of our forbidden sanctuary. She shifts, a small gasp escaping her lips as I penetrate further, her hips bucking against the invasion.

"Stay still," I command with a low growl, my voice rougher than I intend. "Like a good girl, Leila. I don't want to hurt you." It's a warning because I know it wouldn't take me long to lose control and be too rough with her.

Leila's moan vibrates through me, stripping away the thin veneer of my control. My hips snap forward without permission, driving into her with a force that comes from the primal part of me. The same part that has been denied all this time. I watch as her breasts bounce from my movements, one caught in Hudson's hand.

"Ah, Hayden…" she whimpers, and it's all I can do not to shatter into pieces at the sound of my name on her lips.

My heart slams against my chest, echoing the rhythm of our bodies colliding. I can't think, can't focus on anything but the heat of her surrounding me, the slick slide of flesh against flesh. It's a clusterfuck of sensation, and I'm drowning in it, willingly.

"Leila," I rasp out, my voice nothing more than a harsh whisper torn from my throat. I pant the words as they claw their way up my throat, riding

on the breath I can hardly catch. "Next time.” My promise is only a whisper. "I'll be gentle."

My sister arches beneath me, seemingly more awake now, and her voice a husky melody laced with humor. "No, you won't. You love to be rough with me, don't you, brother?" The tease in her tone shreds the last threads of my composure just as she intends.

"Fuck, yes." The words are a growl, torn from the depths of my chest as I move inside her. My movements are unforgiving, a relentless need to fill her with my hot come. The need to possess her, to claim her. Every inch of her, every cry consumes me.

"Need you," I grunt out, each word punctuated by the sound of our flesh meeting roughly. My hands grip her hips, not just to hold her still but to anchor myself to her. I never want to be apart from her. She's finally mine and the sensation is overwhelming.

Our girl's back arches up off the bed, trying to press closer to my thrusts. Leila's cries mingle with the ragged rhythm of my breaths. It's all-consuming, and I know that nothing will ever top this moment that we're in right now.

I command between thrusts, "Tell us what you want."

Leila tries to obey, and that’s enough for Hudson and me because her body trembles beneath me, a quiver that ripples through my own flesh. Hudson's lips are on her, drawing her nipple into the warmth of his mouth, while his fingers twist the other delicately, trying to push her over the edge with me.

"Hayden," she gasps, voice strained with the onset of release. "Hudson."

Her orgasm hits, setting off my own impending unraveling. Her inner walls clamp down on me, spasms that milk and draw me deeper. I thrust harder, driven by the velvet vise of her heat, each pulse of her sex around me stripping away restraint.

"Stay with me." My words are ragged as I lunge forward, burying myself to the hilt. A groan escapes me as I draw one of her nipples into my eager mouth.

Hudson pulls away from the other, granting me unhindered access to our sister's body. His presence looms, and I know he's enjoying watching the way I'm losing myself in her, but it's Leila's shuddering body commanding my senses. I roll the peak of her breast with my tongue, marking her with every suck, every nip.

"More," she breathes out, a plea that I'm all too happy to oblige.

"Always more for you," I promise between labored breaths, my pace unyielding. There's no gentleness left in me, only the need to devour, to sate an ache that has nestled itself deep within my bones.

I feel Hudson's hand press on my back, pushing me to take what I really want. I drop my weight fully on top of Leila, allowing my cock to sink as far inside as her pussy can take me. I feel her clench around me once more, milking me for everything I am worth. I can't hold back, not with the way she feels, not with how perfectly she fits around me. Every ridge of her body softens and conforms to mine like she was made just for me.

"Mine," I grind out, hips snapping faster, the sound of skin slapping filling the room alongside her moans. Every one of my nerve endings screams with the friction of our bodies moving as one relentless force.

"Yours," she affirms, her agreement spiraling me closer to the edge.

The world narrows down to this moment—her beneath me, her pleasure, her surrender. My climax builds, threatening to tear me apart from the inside. I'm lost in the silk and steel of her, in the intoxicating scent of our little sister.

"Ah, Hayden," she whimpers, and it's all it takes. I grunt as I spill into her, heat coursing through my veins like liquid fire. I’m vaguely aware of Hudson’s steady presence, grounding us even as we shatter together just like she did with my twin.

I know I'm crushing her, so I cage her in, pulling out of her heat only so I can move down her body, rest my forehead against her heaving chest, and feel her heartbeat.

Hudson does for me what I did for him and nudges me, trying to prevent me from collapsing on top of her. That's all I want to do. I want to keep myself pressed against her even if that means crushing her into the mattress. I follow his lead and roll off Leila with a reluctance that surprises me, watching as Hudson turns her to face me. Her cheeks are flushed, her lips swollen from our kisses, and her eyes hold a tenderness for me that I didn't expect to see. My heart feels crowded inside my chest, and I want to tell her in this moment that I love her. I want to tell her so many things that I couldn't tell her before because I was so angry, but I can see how exhausted she is.

"Breathe, Leila," Hudson instructs, his chest now a solid wall against her back. We're both cocooning her, our bodies creating a protective

enclosure. My hand finds hers, fingers intertwining as if they were made to fit together.

"Okay?" I ask, my gaze locked with hers.

She can't speak, but she squeezes my fingers and that’s more than enough for me. The covers are drawn over us by Hudson, and the world outside this bed ceases to exist for us.

"Sleep now," Hudson murmurs, his arm snaking around Leila, holding her close. I mirror his action, drawing her even tighter against me. Our legs tangle beneath the sheets, and I don't even care that Hudson's bony shin rakes against mine.

"Don't leave," she whispers, her hand squeezing mine, and I realize that we're going to have to spell things out for her in the morning. I lock eyes with Hudson, and I can see the storm of his thoughts there. We've done so much damage to her with our little mind games that she's asking us not to leave her.

"You'll never be without us again," I reply, pressing my lips to her forehead. Her sigh is contentment personified, a sound that takes the edge off just a little. "No more games."

Leila's head tilts ever so slightly toward me, her eyes searching mine in the dim light. "No more games," she repeats like she thinks if she says it, it'll make it true.

"Just the fun kind," I try to make her laugh, sealing the promise with a kiss pressed to the side of her head. "Where we chase you through the cemetery and tear your clothes off." Her eyes flash to mine, and I see the glint there, telling me that she doesn't hate that idea now that we've made amends.

"I think I might like that now that we–" she starts, but I can tell she's searching for the right words.

Hudson's chuckle vibrates through all three of us. "Now that you're ours. We'll always love chasing you and ripping your clothes off." His hand roves over her side and finds the soft curve of her breast, and she shivers in our arms.

"Goodnight, baby," Hudson says, ducking his head into the back of her neck. We talked a big fucking game to each other this entire time concerning Leila about what we were going to do to her, how we were going to punish her for not conforming, but we both crumbled as soon as

she offered the slightest bit of affection because that's all we really wanted from her.

My eyes never leave hers until they flutter closed, and even then, I watch over her as she drifts into sleep.

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CHAPTER 13

LEILA

Sensations tug me back to consciousness before my eyes even dare to open. A steady warmth pulses inside me, filling me with an unmistakable fullness that's both shocking and achingly familiar. I can't help but press back slightly, seeking more of the delicious pressure, and a soft moan escapes my lips as I realize—it's Hudson. My brothers may be twins, but I can tell their touch apart from one another in an instant.

"Last night wasn't a fever dream," I murmur, my voice hoarse with sleep and satiation. Until this moment, I wasn't sure if I'd dreamed up how gentle they were when they used my body last night. It was so unlike them, yet everything I'd wished for.

"Last night was the realest thing we've ever experienced," Hudson whispers, his voice like velvet against my ear. "We meant it, Leila. You can try to go back on everything, but we won't let you. You're ours and we're done letting you pretend you're not." Hudson's arm is like a bar of muscle across my middle, holding me to him, and I feel a zing of pleasure move straight to my clit and warm pressure on my nipple.

My lids lift lazily, surrendering to the filtered light that bathes the room in the soft glow of the morning. The sight that greets me sends a surge of heat through my veins. Hayden, sprawled next to me, his mouth worshiping my body with slow, deliberate attention. His tongue swirls around one nipple, then the other, each stroke igniting tiny sparks that travel straight

between my legs where Hudson remains buried inside me, unmoving yet incredibly hard.

"Insatiable," I breathe out, the word a husky laugh, coated in wonder and want. I don't know what I expected would happen once we finally crossed the line, but this feeling of unimaginable bliss was not on my radar.

"Can you blame us?" Hayden counters, his voice low as he pauses his ministrations, peering up at me through those intense blue eyes. There's a mischievous glint there, one that promises more than just morning affection.

I can't, but I don't want to give him the satisfaction, so instead of answering him, I let my hand find its way into his tousled hair, fingers sifting through the dark strands. He returns to my breasts, biting down gently before releasing me with a playful grin that has my heart racing.

I gasp, not from pain but from the jolt of pleasure that spikes through me. Hayden knows just how to push me, and what my body likes.

A shiver tiptoes down my spine, and Hudson's voice rumbles against the curve of my neck. "Fuck, her pussy clenches when you bite her. She likes it." His breath is a humid whisper on my skin, making every hair stand at attention."Quit that or I'm gonna need to fuck her again," he groans, his hips pressing into me with deliberate intent. There's no movement, no thrust–just the unyielding hardness of him filling me completely. The sensation has me moaning softly, the sound escaping like a secret confessed in the dark.

"Again?" I manage to breathe out; something feels like they're sharing a secret I'm not in on. "You mean since last night?”

"We've been up all night," Hayden murmurs, his voice low and rough with satisfaction. His lips dip down to graze my belly button as he speaks, sending a fresh wave of goosebumps across my flesh. "Taking turns… fucking you… filling you."

"Couldn't get enough," Hudson adds, his lips pressing against the nape of my neck in a kiss so possessive that it brands me. "Even if we spent all day and night inside you."

A sharp intake of breath escapes me as Hayden's lips envelop my nipple one final time, the moist warmth of his mouth an exquisite contrast to the cool air of the bedroom. His tongue swirls with deliberate movements before he releases me with a pop that echoes. The sound sends a warm flush cascading down my chest, painting my skin in a way I can see that he's fond of.

The bed shifts as Hayden rises, the loss of his heat immediate. My whine fills the void left by his absence. It's a sound that tugs at something primal within Hudson, whose chuckle is a deep, resonant sound that vibrates through his chest and into my back as he pulls me closer.

"Miss him already?" Hudson's arms encircle me, a cage of muscle I never want to escape as I watch Hayden's retreating form. Hayden pauses, half-turned, and drags a hand down his abdomen to grasp himself. His fingers curl around his length looking me pointedly in the eyes. Hudson's voice rumbles deep in his chest, vibrating against my spine, "I can feel you clenching around me… because you're looking at him. Do you need Hayden to stretch your pussy again?"

"Fuck," Hayden exhales, the word hanging heavy in the air, charged with the raw energy that simmers between us before he turns and disappears from view.

Embarrassed that they caught me, I nuzzle back against Hudson, feeling the press of him, solid and insistent, as he nudges deeper inside me. My body responds instinctively, tightening around him, and his own breath hitches in response.

"That's my good girl," Hudson says, his words laced with satisfaction. His kiss lands on my shoulder, a branding that sears through the thin barrier of my flesh and etches into my bones.

Hudson's movements are a slow burn this time, igniting my senses one by one. His cock slides in and out with a rhythm that's both deliberate and tender, like he's memorizing the shape of me from the inside. His lips find the curve of my neck, each kiss a mark of possession and apology.

"How does this feel?" His voice is a gravelly whisper against my skin, sending shivers down my back.

"You feel perfect," I breathe out, my voice brimming with emotion I've been holding back from my brothers for what seems like a miserable eternity. "I've missed you both so much."

Haden's grip tightens around me, an almost imperceptible flinch at my words. "We're sorry, Leila. It won't ever be like before." Regret laces his tone, and it squeezes my heart.

"Sorry for what?" I need to hear him say it. I need to know everything he feels for me without any of us hiding what truly lies beneath.

"Thinking you didn't want us," he admits, his green eyes meeting mine in a silent plea for forgiveness. "We were wrong. We spent so much time

trying to break you instead of trying to understand why you were scared. The curse means nothing. We want you because you're ours, there's no other explanation. You'll always be ours."

A surge of warmth floods through me. "I've always wanted you, too. Both of you."

He presses his forehead into the crook of my neck, an intimate connection that feels more intimate than the way his cock is pushing inside me right now. "We know that now."

Our moment of intimacy is shattered by the clomp of boots on the hardwood floor and the bedroom door swinging open. Hayden stands there naked except for Hudson's snow-covered boots. The absurdity of the sight tugs at my lips, a giggle escaping despite the intensity of moments ago with Hudson.

"Are those my boots?" Hudson's voice is equal parts annoyance and amusement as he props himself up on an elbow to glare at his twin.

Hayden rolls his blue eyes, a smirk playing on his lips. "Obviously. I don't want mine getting all soggy."

"Did you walk out to the Jeep naked?" I raise an eyebrow because it must be freezing out there.

"I swear to fuck if you put my coat on with a fucking hard dick–" Hudson starts and I burst into laughter which cuts him off. He twists, arching up enough to glare down at me like I've taken Hayden's side over his.

"I just think it's funny that you spent the night sharing every part of my body you could get your hands and mouth on, but your coat is where you draw the line."

"Sharing is caring, brother," Hayden adds with a straight face, and I think that might be what sends Hudson spiraling over the proverbial edge.

When Hudson reaches over me to try and reach Hayden to slap him, my gaze fixates on the dark green box nestled in Hayden's large palm. "What's that?"

Hayden just grins, a devilish tilt to his lips as he kicks off Hudson's boots with careless ease. He climbs onto the bed and holds the box just out of reach. His eyes gleam with mischief.

Hudson's withdrawal from my core is a slow drag of sensation, leaving me empty but thrumming with need. He assists me into a sitting position, his touch gentle yet firm, grounding, seemingly forgetting that he wants to

kill Hayden. I'm caught between them, between their heat and intensity, and it's exactly where I crave to be.

"What will you give us for it?" Hayden taunts, voice playful yet edged with an unspoken promise. It's a dance we know well, the give and take, the push and pull.

I reach out, my fingers tracing the hard length of him, and I can feel the thrum of his pulse beneath my touch. Hayden's breath catches, a soft hitch that tells me more than words ever could. My own desire curls within me, and suddenly I wish I hadn't been so exhausted so I could remember how many times they were inside me last night.

"Anything you want," I murmur, my bottom lip caught between my teeth.

"Leila," Hudson's voice is a low growl, a warning laced with need as his hand encircles my wrist, pulling me away from Hayden's hard dick. "You need to stop."

His touch is gentle but insistent, and I can't help the pout forming on my lips. "Why?" I challenge, even though his emerald gaze tells me everything.

"Hayden won't be able to hold off, and this—" he nods toward the box "—is important."

I glance at Hayden, whose eyes now shoot daggers at his brother. "I'll beat the fuck out of you with your soggy boots if you ever take her hand off my dick again." His words are a snarl, possessive and raw, sparking a laugh from Hudson.

"Easy, there," I tease, but my attention shifts back to the mystery in Hayden's grasp. My heart races with a mix of excitement and curiosity.

"Is that for me?" The question spills out, tinged with genuine surprise. I wave my hand excitedly toward the small green box. "You guys got me a Christmas present?"

A featherlight brush of lips behind my ear sends a shiver down my spine. Hudson's voice vibrates against the delicate skin there, wrapping me in warmth. "We knew you were ours, it was just a matter of convincing you to accept it."

"Convincing? Is that what we're calling it?" I manage a smile despite the flutter in my chest. "You guys did a good job, minus shooting the pucks at my head."

Hayden narrows his eyes at me, and my pussy clenches. "That was a long time ago, Leila." He huffs, and Hudson snickers.

"That was yesterday!" I'm exasperated when I snatch the green box from Hayden's hold.

"Careful, he's ready to pounce, and you're not making it easy for him to hold back," Hudson teases, but his eyes betray his eagerness for me to see inside.

With a flick of my thumb, the lid springs open, and my breath catches. Nestled within the velvet embrace lies a gold necklace, so delicate, so utterly me. Twin H's dangle, catching the light, casting tiny golden glows against the dark interior.

"Wow," escapes me before I can rein it in, admiration coloring my tone. "It's beautiful." I lift the necklace, watching it dance between my fingers.

Hayden's pride is almost tangible, and his gaze holds mine as he nods, pleased with himself. "I picked it out."

"You almost got us kicked out of the jewelry store," Hudson tells on his brother, but it only makes Hayden grin.

"He was asking too many questions about Leila, and I don't like that shit. Nosy fucker."

"Territorial much?" But I'm not complaining. Not really. I can admit to myself when I like how toxic they can be.

"Only always," Hudson murmurs, his fingers tracing the line of my collarbone where the necklace will soon rest. His touch is possessive, yet somehow reverent as if he's already envisioning it there, marking me as theirs.

"Put it on me," I command, a bubble of excitement dancing in my chest. Hayden's fingers, warm and sure, lift the gold chain, dangling the intertwined H's before my eager eyes. His touch makes me shiver as he drapes the necklace around my neck.

Hudson joins in, his hands brushing against the nape of my neck, sending another current of electricity through me. The clasp snaps shut, and the cool metal settles against my skin—a perfect fit, like it was made for me.

"It's perfect," I murmur, tracing the double H pendant with my fingertips, feeling the intricate grooves and smooth edges. Without hesitation, I lunge forward, wrapping my arms around Hayden's neck. His strong arms encircle me. His scent is the faintest hint of pine, and it engulfs me. I reach behind with one arm, blindly grasping for Hudson, needing him to be part of this moment.

"Come here," I half-whisper, half-giggle, my voice muffled against Hayden's chest. I feel Hudson move closer, and soon, his arms join Hayden's, creating a cocoon of warmth around me. My breath hitches at the proximity, at the undeniable connection that thrums between all three of us.

"I'm sorry I fought you guys for so long," I begin, my voice trembling with a cocktail of regret because I played into all this too. I pushed them away because I didn't believe their feelings for me could be real. But Hudson's finger presses gently against my lips, silencing the confession that threatens to spill over.

"Shh, Leila," Hudson whispers, his breath warm against the shell of my ear. "You have nothing to be sorry about. We love you, Leila. Curse or not, you're ours."

Hayden's lips crash against mine, fierce and demanding. His kiss steals the air from my lungs, and I melt into him, into them. "We love you in such an overwhelming way sometimes we act out," Hayden admits against my mouth, his voice rough with emotion.

Everything outside this moment seems irrelevant as we lay back down, a tangle of sheets and heated skin. The quiet of the morning wraps around us, a silent witness to the bond we share. In this space, there’s no room for anything but us.

A soft slap echoes in the room, and my gaze flickers open, catching Hayden's hand batting away Hudson's from my breast. A smirk plays on Hayden's lips, possessive and teasing. They both reach for me again, fingers grazing the sensitive flesh of my breast together.

"Guys!" I giggle, wriggling beneath their competing touches, the sensation sparking a delicious warmth through my body. Their playful bickering fills the air, and suddenly, I'm as coveted as Hudson's boots.

"Cut it out," I manage between laughs, though I don't truly want them to stop. This closeness, their affection, is what I've craved all along.

As we settle, the lightness in the room shifts to a serene peace, and I nestle closer to them both. "Merry Christmas," I whisper. "I'll love you both forever."

"Say it again," Hayden demands, his fingers tightening on my flesh.

"I. Love. You," I repeat, stronger this time, and it feels like a vow, a promise that was owed to them so long ago.

"Fuck, Leila," Hudson groans, and there's a tremor in his touch, a vulnerability that he rarely shows. "We love you too. So damn much."

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EPILOGUE

LEILA

Hillcrest v Woodsboro

The clink and clash of sticks on the ice reverberate through the arena, a stark counterpoint to the hush of the crowd. It's tied right now with only minutes left on the clock. My hands press against the cold glass separating me from the ice, knuckles white, every muscle tensed as I watch the puck ricochet back and forth between Hillcrest and Woodsboro players.

"Come on, come on," I whisper, the words puffing into steam in the cold building.

Hudson's skates carve deep into the ice as he intercepts the puck with a deft maneuver. His green eyes are locked on Hayden, and I already know what's about to happen.

If they pull this off and win the game, it's going to be really difficult not to run up to them after the game and kiss them on their mouths. I'm so amped up and excited, and it feels like I haven't seen them in days even though it's only been a few hours. We've had to be very careful on campus for obvious reasons now that the three of us have made amends. Hudson does a great job of playing the role of an overprotective older brother, but Hayden still likes to let his hands wander, grabbing my ass or breasts in public. He's a menace and he knows it, but even if anyone suspects anything, they'd never be dumb enough to say anything directly to us. I still have my own dorm room, but I spend every night in theirs.

Hayden moves away from the crowd of skaters, fully in sync with Hudson, his presence a force that draws gasps and murmurs from spectators around me. Watching my two brothers move so effortlessly together yet apart is something I'm grateful to witness. It's like they can anticipate one another's next move in a way no one, not even me, could ever do.

And then it happens.

Hudson passes the puck to his twin. So slick, so smooth. I'm holding my breath like that might somehow help them accomplish their goal. Hayden's stick arcs back, and with lightning speed, the puck sails across the ice toward the Woodsboro goalie.

The puck hurtles past the goalie, a blur of black against the white of the ice. It kisses the net just before the buzzer sounds.

My scream is primal, a release of pent-up anxiety and fervor. I leap up, my body bouncing against the glass, hands slapping the surface as I chant their names.

The charm at my neck swings wildly, and I clutch at it, my fingers tracing the twin H's with a tenderness that Hayden would probably make fun of me for. The metal is warm, almost hot, from the heat of my skin. I hate that I can’t run out there and hug them, but this is enough. They're always with me.

The crowd is celebrating as Hayden and Hudson collide into each other. Their bodies slam together in a chest bump. They're both grinning, and I shake my head with a smile because they're going to be cocky assholes tonight, and I'm going to be the one who has to deal with them.

They break apart, and immediately, their gazes sweep the stands, searching for where they left me before the game. The electric charge of their eyes lands on me, and something inside me trembles with recognition, desire, and all the love they show me. Hudson's lips curve, and he cheekily blows me a kiss. My heart hitches because Hudson is always secretive in the way he shows me he cares. I don't want our family to be ostracized or made into a spectacle, but having him do that so publicly has my heart pounding.

Hayden grins wolfishly, sticking his tongue out explicitly in a silent taunt meant only for me.

I can't help but laugh, shaking my head at their antics. "You guys are ridiculous!" I call out, even though I know they can't hear me.

I blow them kisses, each one a promise, a secret shared in the open.

Steam wafts from the showers out into the cold hallway. Hayden and Hudson waited for me to head back here before they disappeared into the showers. I lean against the cool concrete wall outside the locker rooms. Anticipation prickles across my skin, an electric hum that quickens with each passing second. I won't get my real kisses until we're back at the dorm, and somehow that just makes it all the more exciting.

The door bursts open. Hayden emerges first, his damp hair clinging to his forehead in disarrayed waves. Hudson follows, a mirror image save for his green eyes. They both sport Hillcrest sweatpants and hoodies, the fabric hugging their broad shoulders, zippers halfway down to reveal the golden skin of their sculpted chests.

"Leila," Hayden's voice rumbles as he sweeps me into his arms without warning. The world tilts as my legs instinctively encircle his waist, his large hands possessive on my backside. Heat radiates from his body, through the thin barrier of our clothes, straight into my bones.

A girl with red hair pauses mid-stride, her gaze latching onto us with unmistakable judgment. She knows the twins are my brothers. Hayden's stare pierces her, fierce and unyielding, until she scurries away, probably to start a rumor that we were fucking in the hallway.

"Can you control yourself?" Hudson asks, but it's rhetorical. He knows Hayden absolutely cannot. He steps close, lips brushing my forehead in a fleeting kiss that leaves me wishing both of their mouths were on me.

"You know," I begin, voice lighter than the fluttering in my stomach, "we could have public displays of affection if you guys would have agreed to transfer to Woodsboro University where people wouldn't know we're siblings."

Hayden's brows knit together, a shadow crossing his face. My mere suggestion is enough to darken his mood. But it's Hudson who responds, voice low and firm, "We would never let you change your last name to throw people off. You're a Hillcrest. You're ours. Fuck what anyone thinks."

I flush at his possessiveness, so many emotions swirling within me. Hayden's grip tightens, fingertips pressing into my flesh. "Are you going to the after party?" I ask, wriggling, trying to get Hayden to put me down. I'm getting worked up, and I can tell by the way his fingers are moving that it

wouldn't take much for him to actually fuck me in this hallway with all these people around.

"You are our after party," Hudson tells me softly as he looks around to make sure no one is looking before he lets his hand slide up my jean-covered leg and over my ass, squeezing roughly over Hayden's fingers.

They must be communicating in their minds again because Hayden is following Hudson's lead and we're outside before I even realize that we're leaving the arena. I push on Hayden's shoulders to get him to let me down. Instead, he slaps my ass hard. "I haven't seen you for hours. I'm carrying you all the way back to our room," Hayden's voice rumbles against my ear, his breath warm on my skin. "I missed you too much to let go now."

"Fine, but she's mine to undress as soon as the fucking door closes behind us," Hudson counters, a playful smirk playing on his lips as we navigate the dimly lit path back to their dorm.

Hayden snorts, the sound vibrating through his chest into mine, and I sense the unspoken challenge between them. His arms, bands of steel around me, don't loosen their hold. I nestle closer, finding solace in the fortress of his embrace while the crisp night air nips at my cheeks.

"You stopped fighting with me, and now you're always fighting over me," I murmur with a laugh to let them know I don't hate the way they constantly make me feel loved fully by both of them.

"As much as I'd love to fuck you in that jersey, it's gotta go," Hudson declares as he shuts the door behind us and before Hayden has even set me down.

"When are you going to wear ones with our numbers?" Hayden grins at me because I've chosen to wear a numberless jersey with only the name Hillcrest sewn across the back.

"I could never choose between you," I admit, my voice catching on an emotion I wasn't aware I was even feeling. "Not for a night, not ever."

"You're never going to have to," Hayden says, and I see the gleam in his eye as he looks toward Hudson like they know something I don't.

The floor is cold beneath my feet as Hayden finally sets me down, the room a blur of motion and skin. My breath is nothing but a gasp lost in the rush of air as Hudson slides his hands over my hips, peeling away the last barriers of fabric with a precision that speaks of how much he wants me right now.

"Don't waste any time," I tease, my voice a husky whisper betraying the tremors that ripple through me.

Hudson ignores my comment, his eyes roving my body as his own shirt hits the floor where Hayden's already lies.

I stand there between them, breathing hard, feeling the heat emanating from their towering forms. My hands reach out, tracing the contours of their chests, reveling in the muscle and warmth beneath my fingertips. "You're both… so damn beautiful," I breathe. They're incredible.

"Leila," Hayden murmurs, his blue eyes darkening with something fierce. In one swift move, he grips my hair, tugging my head back with a possessiveness that sends shivers down my spine. His mouth crashes onto mine, demanding, relentless, and I'm lost in the taste of him.

"We decided some things before the game," Hudson's voice rumbles against my ear as his fingers find my nipple, pinching lightly before his mouth replaces his hand, sending jolts of pleasure coursing through me.

"What kind of things?" I manage to pull away from Hayden's intoxicating kiss, my breath coming in short bursts.

"About tonight. How we're going to claim you," Hudson says, his lips grazing my flushed skin, leaving a trail of fire in their wake.

"How?" The question leaves my lips before I can reel it back in, curiosity warring with anticipation. Since Christmas, they've been telling me that they're going to fuck me at the same time when I'm ready, but they've never acted on it. The closest we've gotten is one of them inside me with the other's fingers stretching me just a bit further. They've never thought I was ready to take both of them inside my pussy at the same time, so I'm not sure where this is headed.

Before I can catch my breath, Hudson climbs on the bed and stretches out, a silent invitation written in the lines of his body. In a fluid motion that contradicts his size, Hayden lifts me effortlessly, his hands a firm cradle against my skin as he seats me atop Hudson's hard abs. Hudson's heat sears through me as he flexes his abdominal muscles under my weight.

"Lie back," Hayden commands, his voice a rough whisper that wraps around me like velvet.

I lean backward, my spine arching, resting on the solid expanse of Hudson's chest. His cock, thick and insistent, presses against the slickness between my legs, and I hate that I'm nervous. My breath hitches, anticipation sending shivers through me.

"Good girl," Hudson praises from beneath me, his hands skimming up my sides, a contrast of tender and possessive. His fingers trace the outline of my ribs before settling with a gentle pressure on my hips.

"We always knew you could follow directions well," Hayden taunts, but there's a note of pride in his voice that makes me flush with warmth.

My mind races, caught between the weight of Hudson below and the intensity of Hayden before me.

"Relax, Leila," Hudson murmurs, his voice steady and grounding. And I do. I surrender to the sensations, to their touch. Hayden's hand slides down my neck, tracing the rapid pulse at my throat. His touch is a spark, igniting every nerve ending. I close my eyes, lost in the moment, in the feeling of being utterly claimed by them both.

"Tonight, you're ours, baby," Hudson tells me, an edge of finality in his tone.

"Completely," Hayden adds.

"Yours," I echo, my voice a mere whisper.

Hudson reaches down and roughly grabs his cock, and without warning, he's pressing into me, an invasion that wrenches a gasp from my lips.

"God, baby," Hudson groans, his voice a low rumble of awe and desire as he turns his attention to his twin, "no matter how many times I fuck her, she's still so fucking tight."

His words, crude and brutally honest, send a thrill down my spine at his praise. He moves within me, deliberate and measured, each thrust a deeper claim. I'm caught on the edge of pain and pleasure, teetering precariously between the two.

"Fuck, Leila." Hayden lowers himself to his knees in between Hudson's legs. His breath fans over my pussy, and then I feel a flicker of wet heat against my clit.

The sensation spirals, Hudson filling me slowly and Hayden's mouth working with a relentless focus. It's a dual assault, one that leaves my thoughts scattered. I can't think, can only feel the stretch, the slide, the relentless pressure building at my core.

"Ah, Hayden," I pant out, my voice trembling as much as my body. "Hudson." His name is a whimper as he fucks me harder. Hudson's hands grip my hips, a silent command for surrender, while Hayden devours me with an insatiable hunger. It's too much and not enough all at once, a

contradiction that defines every moment I spend entwined with my brothers.

"More," I whisper, a plea that goes beyond words. They hear it, understand it, answer it with their bodies.

"Are you sure you're ready for more, little sister?" Hudson rasps, but the way he chuckles lets me know it's not a question. They're going to give me whatever they want, and I'm going to take it like their good girl.

A shiver runs down my spine, and I clench around the fullness of Hudson's intrusion, my breath catching. My voice emerges as a broken whimper as I meet Hayden's eyes, "Are you going to fuck my ass, too?" The question hitches on a moan, betraying my insatiable curiosity mingled with fear of how much their cocks would have to stretch the tiny hole.

"Fuck," Hayden groans, his eyes darkening like storm clouds ready to burst. "That's next." His lips curve sinfully. "I get your ass first." He gestures vaguely between us, where I'm impaled on Hudson's cock. "But tonight, we’re both going to stretch you, right here." Hayden's fingers find my clit. The words spark a tremor in my core, but it's Hudson's sudden upward thrust that splits the air from my lungs, leaving me gasping. He burrows deeper within me, affirming his claim with every inch.

My instinct is to rebel, a desperate need to escape. I struggle, trying to rise, but Hudson's hands are iron on my hips, unyielding. "I can't," I protest, my voice barely a whisper against the storm of sensation. "One of you is already too much sometimes. Two will never fit."

"Shh," Hayden soothes, or commands, I can't tell through the haze of my panic, as he drags his tongue over the bundle of nerves at the top of my pussy. His gaze locks onto mine and as if Hayden commands it, Hudson's arm locks down on me like a metal bar. Hayden rises on his knees, his presence a towering wall of heat. "You'll take us, Leila. Two will be perfect for you." His voice vibrates against my skin, almost gentle.

Almost.

Hayden's hands roam with possessive intent, grasping flesh like he's never going to be able to touch me again. I watch, transfixed, as my breasts sway under the weight of his primal touch.

A moan slips from my lips, a sound more surrender than protest. Below me, Hudson is unyielding, his fingers teasing a torturous rhythm on my nipples. Every pull sends a shockwave to the knot of pleasure as Hayden coaxes my already-filled opening with determined circles.

"Tell me, Leila," Hayden's voice is nothing but a groan. "Do you want this?" He doesn't wait for words, pressing the head of his cock against me with intention. He wants to be inside me with his brother, and that's exactly what he's going to get.

I gasp, my own voice foreign in the midst of their storm. My hips betray me, rocking minutely onto Hudson, seeking friction, seeking relief. I need them, even when I'm scared of what they want.

The slap on my thigh is sharp, a punctuation that seizes my attention. Hayden's gaze sears into mine, demanding an honesty I can no longer hide. "Tell me," he commands.

"Please," I breathe out, and it's nothing short of a plea. "I want it. I want you." The words are a key, unlocking something feral within Hayden. He grips my face, his thumb brushing my lip.

"Say it all, Leila." His voice is dark with need. "I want to hear you admit how much you need your brothers' cocks."

"Fuck the life out of me," I whisper, the confession surprising even Hayden.

"Oh my god," Hudson groans beneath me. Hayden's mouth claims mine in a brutal kiss, his other hand guiding himself to press slightly inside me, against Hudson's length, a sensation overwhelming every sense. It hurts, but the sting of pain is nothing compared to the pleasure that shoots through my whole body and the fullness of my brothers inside me.

"Good girl. My sweet Leila," Hayden groans against my lips.

"What do you want from us, baby? Use your words. Tell us what you need," Hudson demands, but he gasps, feeling his brother pressing against him making my pussy even tighter for him.

"Make me come all over your cocks," I gasp out, raw need clawing from my throat. The room spins, tightens around us; everything narrows until all I can see and feel is the two of them.

Just how my brothers like it.

Hayden's breath hitches as he leans back, his gaze locked on mine. His cock nudges further inside my swollen, stretched opening, and I feel him pushing into me alongside Hudson's relentless thrusts. Pain laces with pleasure, and the look on my face ignites that dark look in Hayden's eyes, the one that flares when he knows he's pushed me beyond my limits.

"Fuck, so tight," he grunts, muscles straining as he inches deeper. His hand finds my clit, fingers circling with an intensity that borders on cruelty.

"Leila, take us." Hudson's voice is low, commanding, punctuating each word with a powerful thrust that drives Hayden further inside. "You were made for this."

I can't form words anymore because my world is reduced to sensation. All I can focus on is the fullness, the stretch, the slick heat of them moving within me. Their rhythm starts gentle, a mercy I know won't last. My chest heaves, trying to accommodate the onslaught, but oxygen seems trivial when every nerve ending in my whole body is screaming for release.

"We're going to make you come so fucking hard," Hayden vows, and I believe him because his hands are skilled, his movements deliberate. He spits on my clit, a crude act that sends a shockwave through my core. The wetness allows his fingers to glide with ease, stoking the fire that threatens to consume me.

My brothers' pace builds, rougher, more insistent. Every thrust jolts through me like a live wire. Hayden's palm smacks my clit, and it's the catalyst, the final push that sends me spiraling over the edge into an orgasm stronger than any I've ever experienced.

"Hayden, Hudson!"

"Fuck!" they roar together as they fill me at the same time with hot spurts painting my insides, marking me as theirs.

The world tilts, and the bed shifts, and I whine when I feel the loss of them withdrawing from inside my heat. Sweat slicks my back as Hayden slides behind me, his chest a solid presence that anchors my still-trembling body. Hudson's gaze, those deep green pools, holds mine with an unwavering connection that feels as if it could reach right through to my soul.

"Baby," Hudson whispers, his voice a low vibration that resonates within me. The way he says my name is possessive, filled with an emotion so raw and unguarded that I know without a doubt that I belong to him.

"Shh. You're my good girl, just relax," Hayden murmurs into my ear, his breath hot against my skin, and it's only then I realize how heavily I'm breathing. His arms snake around me, one hand resting possessively on my abdomen, the other drawing lazy circles along my arm.

I can feel the thud of Hayden's heartbeat against my spine, the rhythm syncing with Hudson's, which pulses under my palm where it rests on his chest.

"Was it too much?" Hudson's voice is barely audible, and I'm not sure if he's asking me or Hayden. They still have that funny little habit of talking to each other about me like I'm not right there listening, hanging on their every word.

"We're never too much for Leila," Hayden assures Hudson without missing a beat. He smooths a lock of hair from my forehead. "You're perfect, Leila. So fucking perfect for us."

Nestled between them, I should feel trapped, smothered, but instead, there's a sense of belonging that seeps into my pores, seductive and heady. I used to think the way they wanted to possess me was too dark, too intense.

But the darkness isn't scary with my brothers.

It's home.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thank you to the Beta’s for always taking the shit we randomly throw at you and helping us make it not a pile of literal crap! Steph, Jaime and Shawna.

To everyone in the Banned Baddies Reader Group!! We love you and thank you for letting us make our group our safe space!!!

To everyone on social media who stays tagging us we see you and we love you!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Rory Ireland enjoys long walks over short piers and writing toxic book boyfriends who lack communication skills and solve everything with a gas can and some matches.

Stalk Me!

Our website: www.bannedbaddies.com
You can find me also on Instagram, Facebook, and TikTok
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